

SHOWING
TO-DAY★ **KINGS** ★At 2.30, 5.15,
7.20 & 9.30 p.m.

"You'll always be
with me...
whatever I do
— whenever
I dream"



THE
ACADEMY
AWARD
OF
1947

Olivia
De Havilland
"To Each
His Own"

MARY ANDERSON • ROLAND CULVER
BILL COOPER • and featuring JOHN LUND
Produced by MICHAEL CURTIZ
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
IN TECHNICOLOR!

"THE DESPERADOES"

with Randolph SCOTT • Glenn FORD • Claire TREVOR
Evelyn KEYES • Edgar BUCHANAN — A Columbia Picture

SHOWING
TO-DAY★ **QUEEN'S** ★At 2.30, 5.15,
7.15 & 9.15 p.m.

TO-DAY & TO-MORROW. MORNINGS ONLY

SPECIAL TIMES
11.30 a.m.; 12.15;
1.00 & 1.45 p.m.

TWO
REELS

SPECIAL PRICES
D.C. \$1.50; B.S. \$1.20;
F.S. 90c. & Cal. 60c.

"THE

PRINCESS'S WEDDING DAY"

TWO REELS IN FULL LENGTH
With Narration By ANNA NEAGLE

ALSO: NEWEST MARCH OF TIME
"GERMANY-HANDLE WITH CARE"

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

TO-DAY ONLY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 P.M.
THE MUCH PUBLICIZED CHINESE TONSORIAL
COMEDY!

"THE BARBER TAKES A WIFE"

(鳳虛凰假)

Starring LI LI-HUA • SHEK FAI
Dialogue in MANDARIN

OPENS

Myrna LOY • Don AMECHE

TO-MORROW! **"SO GOES MY LOVE"**

TO-DAY
ONLY★ **MAJESTIC** ★At 2.30, 5.20,
7.20 & 9.20 p.m.

A HILARIOUS COMEDY WITH PLENTY OF LAUGHS!



ADDED ATTRACTION

ROYAL WEDDING OF
H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH
And H.R.H. DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Commencing Sunday: **"O.S.S."**

Chevalier lived up to my expectations

By RENE CLAIR
the famous French director

LAST year in Paris, when I was about to start production on "Man About Town," I met Irving Berlin, who asked me about my plans. I told him that I was ready to begin a picture starring Maurice Chevalier and that this picture would not be a musical.

Irving grabbed my arm. "Why," he said, "Maurice is one of the world's greatest entertainers. He has made his reputation with his songs. Surely you can't be serious. To put Chevalier in anything except a musical would be gambling with his career and it would most certainly result in a disappointment to the public."

Versatile Personality
Irving's arguments were persuasive. I found it difficult to explain to him why I wanted to go ahead with all this. I felt I was right but I couldn't put it into words.

Now, after having completed the picture, I am better able to define my feelings. I always had, like millions of admirers all over the world, the greatest regard for Maurice Chevalier. No one can surpass him when he is alone on a stage, singing either in English or French those wonderful songs for which he is famous.

But, I thought, Maurice is such a versatile personality that his gifts need not be confined to musical entertainment only. If he had started as a dramatic actor on the legitimate stage, there is no doubt but that he would have become one of the brightest stars of the modern theatre. I wanted to prove this. I wanted to offer him the opportunity of displaying his talents as an actor without the help of music and songs.

The character which I had in mind for him had to be simple, real, and completely human. He was to portray an ordinary man, not too young, who falls in love with a very young girl. If in the middle of the picture's action I were to allow Maurice to sing even once in his inimitable manner nobody would believe in the reality of the story, because a man who can sing like Chevalier is not an ordinary man. He is an accomplished artist with extraordinary appeal.

The most important thing was to discuss all this with Maurice. He had been singing in Paris since the liberation, and he was a tremendous success, but he had not made a picture for seven years. I sent him a script, although it was not completely finished at the time, and I said I was most eager also explained that this would be to sign him for the title role. I also explained that this would be a complete departure for him; that he would have to lay aside his straw hat and songbook and play a straight dramatic part.



Rene Clair

HOLLYWOOD CHIT-CHAT

DUDLEY NICHOLS is in New York with the first assembled print of his production of Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." Besides showing it to top RKO-Radio executives, he will have it viewed by O'Neill and Lawrence Langner, head of the Theatre Guild which originally produced the Broadway play.

GEORGE RAFT has reported for work on his new picture, "Rage Street," in which he will be teamed with William Bendix. Raft will play an ex-war correspondent reduced to handicapping horses.

ROBERT MITCHUM, co-star of "Crossfire," will star with Loretta Young and William Holden in "Rachel." He will play the guitar and sing pioneer ballads in his characterisation.

MYRNA LOY's fine characterisation of an American woman judge in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" has brought her an unusual honour. She has been invited to be an honoured guest at the annual dinner of the National Association of Women Lawyers at Cleveland, and meet prominent U.S. women lawyers and judges.

JAMES STEWART, co-star of Robert Riskin's forthcoming "Magie Town," has returned to Hollywood for vacation. He spent the summer as star of the Broadway hit "Harvey," while Frank Fay was on vacation.

SHE COULDN'T RESIST THIS FILM ROLE



OLIVIA De Havilland, star of "To Each His Own," Paramount's great love story now showing at the King's Theatre, says that this was one picture she simply had to make. And despite doctor's orders, which emphasized rest in order fully to complete her recovery from a recent illness, Olivia insisted upon making it.

What critics had to say about her performance should make her a radiant happy girl. She won an "Oscar" for her work. A heart-stirring account of twenty-seven years in a woman's life, the role of Jody provides a magnificent range of emotions and is a part no actress, doctor's orders notwithstanding, could turn down.

Olivia is in every scene in the picture. During the course of the action she matures from a sweet, romantic 18-year-old to a mature, somewhat embittered woman of the world.

The four men in Miss De Havilland's film life are John Lund, handsome Broadway-stage star, Phillip Terry, Roland Culver and Bill Goodwin.

"To Each His Own" was considered a film of such great importance that it had its world premiere at Radio City's Music Hall, New York's famous theatre.



Chevalier

The script came back in a few days. On it Maurice had pencilled "O.K."

Even with this approval I wanted to impress him with the importance of the venture, so I talked to him at length.

"Think it over, Maurice," I cautioned. "It's a big gamble for you, and I don't want to feel entirely responsible for what might happen. It's too late to change the story now."

"I'll share the responsibility with you," he replied. "It's a deal."

I discovered how sincere he was almost immediately. When I sent him a final script he returned it without a single objection, and on the second day of shooting when I invited him to see the rushes he refused.

New Character

"I told you I trust you entirely," he said. "You say this is a new characterisation for me. If I see myself on the screen I may be disturbed by this new character. I may become nervous, I might ask you for changes. I don't want to take that chance. I am going to trust you until the end of the production. I won't see anything of the picture until it is completed."

We finished "Man About Town" in Paris. The picture has been shown in Europe, and I know now that I was right to bet on the acting genius of Maurice Chevalier. Not only has he delighted his already huge army of admirers with a fresh characterisation, but last summer after the picture had won the Grand Prize of the Brussels Festival, Maurice personally won the Critics' Award of the International Festival at Locarno for giving the best masculine performance of the year.

If other critics agree with their Swiss colleagues I shall be very happy. But I shall be happier still when I bump into Irving Berlin again and perhaps hear him tell me that may be I was not such a fool after all.

LONDON BY NIGHT

WEDDING BOOSTS SHOW BUSINESS

By HAROLD CONWAY

LONDON, Nov. 19.

THE Wedding brings Big Money to London show business. I estimate the public will spend £250,000 in West End theatres, cinemas and principal restaurants during the week. The amusement parade matches up to any great gala weeks of the past.

At most of the fashionable dinner-and-dancing centres every table has been booked for weeks. And the Central London stage offers opera and ballet (at three theatres), 11 musical productions, 10 comedies, seven dramas and three variety shows, including an ice spectacle.

There has been a mounting theatre boom for some time. This week it has reached its peak, though for wedding night the competition of outdoor sights and traffic problems has acted as a brake.

Cinemas expect to cash in at the end of the week with wedding news-reels.

Dancing Star

Fred Astaire's former dancing partner, Marjorie Reynolds, is one of the film contingent brought here in the Queen Mary. I understand she will star with Bonar Colleano and Zoe Gall in a new production of "Burlesque," the play about the American show world, in which Claire Luce and the late Nelson Keys appeared before the war. It opens a pre-London tour in Manchester on December 22.

Broadway Hit

Another distinguished actress from America is due here shortly—Mady Christians, Viennese star of German silent films, who has become a leading figure on Broadway. She will star in and direct a London stage production of "I Remember Mama," for H. M. Tennent and Emile Little, Frederick Valk (who came here from Czechoslovakia before the war) will have a big part. Setting of "I Remember Mama" is San Francisco at the beginning of the century. Miss Christians appeared throughout the 18 months' run in New York.

Accent On Culture

Filipe Del Giudice, that volatile film producer from Italy, has a new idea. He means to introduce a "Third Programme" into the cinema—alternating out-of-the-ordinary subjects for "intelligent" audiences with more popular fare. Eight to ten million cinema-goers are potential customers, he reckons. Del Giudice founded the Two Cities organisation, which put some intelligent—and successful—pictures on the British and American market. His first independent production will be "Happy as Larry," the comedy-melodrama in verse, now at the Mercury Theatre.

THEATRE Directory TODAY'S FILMS

QUEEN'S—Irish Eyes Are Smiling (June Haver, Dick Haymes).
KING'S—To Each His Own (Olivia De Havilland).
LEE—The Red House (Edward G. Robinson).
CENTRAL—Buck Privates Come Home (Bud Abbott, Lou Costello).
ORIENTAL—The Saint Meets the Tiger (Hugh Sinclair, Jean Gillie).
CATHAY—A Yank in the R.A.F. (Robert Taylor, Betty Grable).
ALHAMBRA—The Barber Takes a Wife (Li Li-hua, Shek Fai).
MAJESTIC—The Show-Off (Red Skelton).
STAR—The Big Sleep (Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall).

Lee Theatre

ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL.
BOOKING HOURS: 11.30 A.M. TO 5.30 P.M. DAILY.

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.10; 7.15 & 9.15 P.M.

Thalia Productions, Inc. presents
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
LON McCALLISTER
The RED HOUSE
JUDITH ANDERSON • RORY CALHOUN • ALLENE ROBERTS
JULIE LONDON • ONA MUNSON • HARRY SHANNON
From the novel "THE RED HOUSE" by Agatha Christie
Written for the screen and Directed by DELMER DAVES
A SCL LEESEN production • Released thru United Artists

MORNING SHOW SUNDAY AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

LATEST NEWS:

COMEDY: "THE THREE STOOGES"

CARTOON IN TECHNICOLOR:—

"SCREWBALL"

"FISH FRY"

"YANKEE DOUBLE SWIM"

"HOLLYWOOD MOTABONES"

AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.00 & \$0.50

CENTRAL
THEATRE

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 P.M.

THOSE "BUCK PRIVATES" ARE HOME
AGAIN IN A POST-WAR GALE OF GLEE!
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
BUD ABBOTT
LOU COSTELLO
"BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME"
ALL NEW!
TOM BROWN • JOAN FULTON • NAT PENDLETON
DONALD MacBRIDE and BEVERLY SIMMONS

ORIENTAL

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.15—7.20—9.30 P.M.
ENTERTAINMENT LOADED WITH THRILLS AND CHILLS!

THE SAINT MEETS THE TIGER
HUGH SINCLAIR-JEAN GILLIE
HUGH SINCLAIR • JEAN GILLIE
HUGH SINCLAIR • JEAN GILLIE
HUGH SINCLAIR • JEAN GILLIE
From the novel "THE SAINT MEETS THE TIGER" by LEO CLAFFLIN

COMMENCING TO-MORROW: **"TEXAS"**

SPECIAL MORNING SHOWS ON SUNDAY AT 9.30 A.M.

BOMBAY-TALKIES SUPER HIT

"MILAN"

(MISSING WIFE)

In Hindustani Dialogue

Adapted from late

Sir Rabindranath.

TAGORE'S play

"THE WRECK"

Starring: DEEPIK KUMAR, MIRA MISRA

RAJANA AND PAHARI SANYAL

One of the best Indian Love stories! Full of delightful

Love Songs, played by top-ranking charming stars.

DO NOT MISS IT! JUST ONE SHOW ONLY!

THE NEXT MORNING SHOW COMMENCES AT 12.30 P.M.

"THEY WERE EXPENDABLE!" M-G-M Picture

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

SUNDAY, DEC. 7

5.00 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
6.00 WEEKLY NEWSLETTER.
6.15 WOMEN'S TALK.
6.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.
from St Paul's Cathedral, London.
conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. W. H. Matthews, Dean of St Paul's.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 T.M.A.
7.45 COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 HOME FLARE.
8.45 Jean Metcalfe
THANKS YOU FOR YOUR LETTERS.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 SWEET SERENADE.
Peter York and the Concert Orchestra.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.
The Story of a Great Partnership
5: "The Summit of Success".

MONDAY, DEC. 8

5.00 OBSERVATION POST.
5.30 NEW LONDON ORCHESTRA.
Conducted by Marco Carnier.
John Hunt (piano).
Overture in C in the Italian Style—Schubert.
Introduction and Allegro appassionato for piano and orchestra—Schumann.
6.00 WOMEN'S TALK.
6.15 REG. LAFOLLO.
and his Players.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 TIP-TOP TUNES.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 SPORTING RECORD.
8.45 HETTY DE LA PEPPE.
(South African mezzo-soprano).
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 NAVY MIXTURE.
9.45 PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 MERRY-GO-ROUND.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9

5.00 MUSIC OF THE REGIMENTS.
The Band of the Royal Military School of Music.
Conductor: Captain Meredith Roberts.
5.30 WELSH HALF-HOUR.
6.00 PLAIN ENGLISH.
L. A. C. Strong talks about the word "verb" and the word that brings action into the sentence.
6.15 COUNTRY DANCE PARTY.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 JACK HARDY.
and his Little Orchestra.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 ROMANCE IN RHYTHM.
Gerald and his Concert Orchestra.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 HAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.
Conductor: Captain F. J. Harris.
9.45 PARKING POINT.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 VARIETY BANDBOX.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10

5.00 TWENTY QUESTIONS.
A radio parlour game with Richard Dimbleby, Anona Winn, Daphne Fadel, and Jack Trueman asking all the questions and Stewart MacPherson knowing (almost) all the answers.
5.30 TALK TO YOU.
6.00 SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY LIFE.
A talk on science and the manufacture of leather.
6.15 VOICE OF THE VIOLIN.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 FELIX KING.
his piano and his orchestra.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 LONDON FORUM.
9.45 THINK ON THESE THINGS.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 MUSIC HALL.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11

5.00 SOLOMON (piano).
5.30 SCOTTISH HALF-HOUR.
6.00 CULTURAL TALK.
"Pleasure from Books": Autobiography of Anthony Trollope's story of his life.
6.15 ELTON HAYES.
He sings to a small guitar.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 REGGIE GOFF.
and his Six-String.
7.45 STRANGER THAN FICTION.
5: No Admiral for The Blacksmith.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 ACCORDION.
Your Host, Rev. P. W. Lewis, invites you to join him at the Club, for half-an-hour's entertainment.
8.45 STARSIGHT.
Christopher Stone this week invites Claude Hulbert to talk with him and to sing for you.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 JAMAICA INN.
Episode 5: "The End of the Story".
9.45 A TALK.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 BRITISH CONCERT HALL.
Conducted and presented by Reginald Jacques.
Jacques Strling Orchestra.
Frederick Thurston (clarinet).
Concerto Grosso in B minor—Handel.
Clarinet Concerto—Stamitz.
Concerto from the Violin Sonatas—Corelli, arr. Barbirolli.

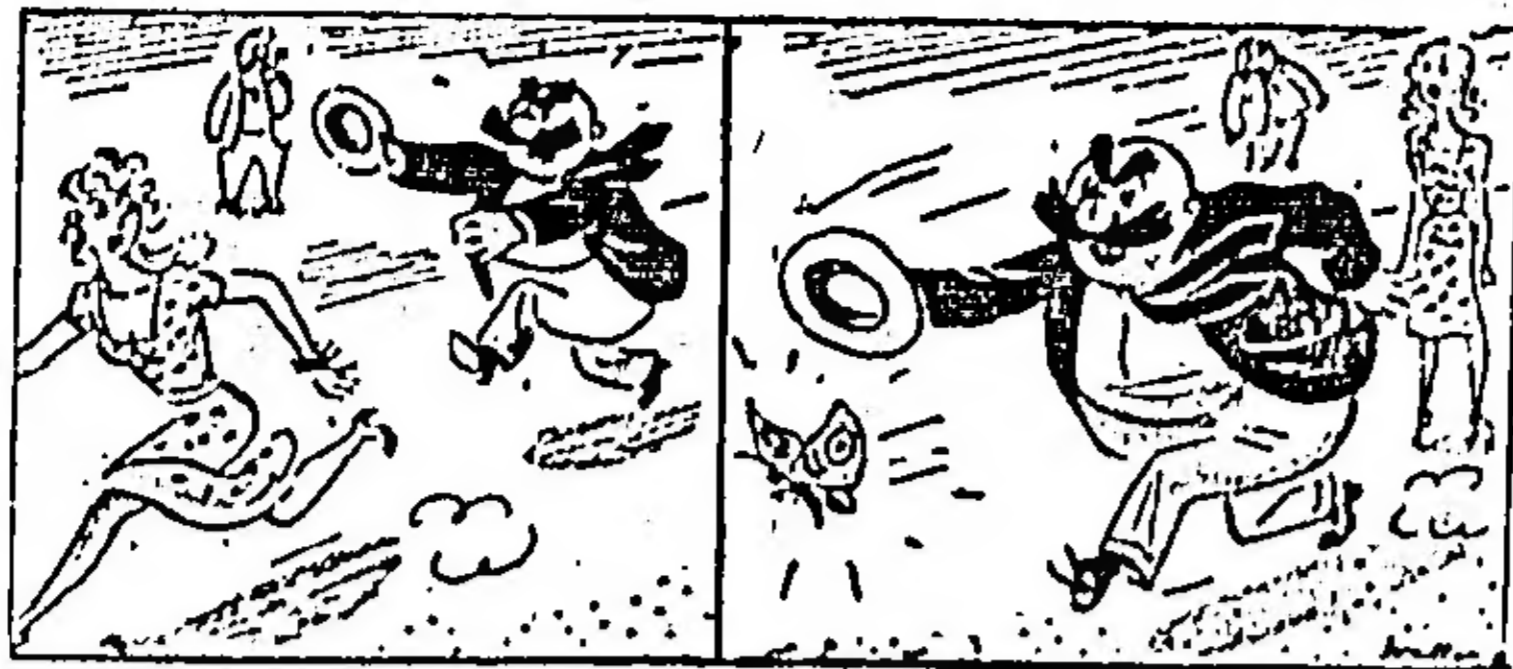
FRIDAY, DEC. 12

5.00 STRANGE TO BELATE.
5.30 MUSIC IN MINIATURE.
6.00 CURRENT AFFAIRS.
6.15 LLOYD THOMAS.
(Theatre only).
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 AT YOUR REQUEST.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 ON WITH THE MUSIC.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 WHIFFLED PICKLES IN "HAVE A GO".
9.45 PRODUCTION PROSPECT.
A talk by William Holt.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 CARL BERNARD.
"WUTHERING HEIGHTS".
Emily Brontë's famous story made into a three-part radio play. 2: "The Unravel".

SATURDAY, DEC. 13

5.00 AS BEEN FROM SCOTLAND.
5.15 COLONIAL QUESTIONS.
5.30 UP THE POLE.
Guest Artist: Bernard Miles.
6.00 TALK ON MUSIC.
For Piano and Orchestra: An illustrated talk by Frank Dainton.
6.30 MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 JAZZ CLUB.
8.00 FROM TODAY'S PAPERS.
8.15 AMERICAN DANCE BANDS.
(gramophone records).
8.30 MERRY-GO-ROUND MELODIES.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 RADIO RHYTHM CLUB.
9.45 A TALK.
10.00 RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 TIGER WERE THE DAYS!
10.30 SATURDAY SPORT.
Including a commentary on: Soccer: Southampton v. Leicester City; commentator John Arlott. (Programme Announcement) included at a suitable time.

DAB & FLOUNDER by WALTER



Thinking Aloud

MY trade is different from yours only in this—everybody will talk to a journalist. We reporters have no lack of raw material to work on.

The porter as I left my flat said: "It's come, sir." (He meant the winter.) "It's better." (He meant his sinus.)

The window cleaner said: "Hundred and thirty-eight pounds from thirty-two plants, sir." (He meant the final verdict on his tomato plants.)

The garage man said: "Basic or no, I don't see much dropping off. Men who have work to do get their coupons, it seems to me."

He was bitter

ON the road I stopped to give a lift to a boy in the R.A.F., red-haired, jolly-faced, gum-chewing. He was leaning on week-end leave. When he said he had been in for six months I replied cheerfully that he had only six to go.

He said: "That's a racket. Two years' service only? What a lark! That's the way they get blokes in. Limited time of national service! Once you're in they let you out on demob points. The way they go I won't be out inside four years, and that's straight!"

He was bitter about the R.A.F. Before the war he had wanted to be an industrial chemist, but now he felt he hadn't the time to waste on the training nor the energy to learn.

They believe ...

I DROPPED him at the New Theatre, where I was to meet the Old Vic company of players, steadying themselves for their winter season.

John Barrall, producer, was worried lest packed houses may still mean a loss. Inflation hits the theatre hard.

A yard of velvet for a courtesan's dress, or a yard of timber for a painted castle keep costs five times as much now. But here I found no glumness. The slur of living is lightened by the trust these folk have in their own talent skill. They are excited by the event to come, and believe that Celia Johnson will prove that Shaw's St. Joan will be a medieval woman, single-minded and avid for her purpose, and no prinking blisse.

They also believe that Trevor Howard's Petruchio will make the customers to come forget their languors for Olivier. Believe is all. To lunch there was Mr. Bobb Wilton, that puzzled policeman. He ordered braised beef and the waiter brought him sausages.

"Not again," cried Mr. Wilton. "Mr. Hamley had them," said the waiter, politely but reproving. "Why shouldn't you?"

Mr. Wilton had them. Over coffee a scientist was saying: "I'm a Socialist. The only thing wrong with this Government is its casting. What you need is men with the objective viewpoint. Chaps like you journalists! It's no good appealing to the people to back you up in the matter of their life and death if you go on behaving like partisans or magicians or the underground or something. It is that kind of a fight Churchill would have taken to the hills long ago...."

Not Charley

JERRY VERNON, a comedian, and also a friend, as mine, thrust the evening paper under my nose. "Chaplin a Communist?" he demanded. "Why, I remember when Charley and I were in Casey's Court together. Held up the traffic of Leicester for half an hour pretending to measure the road. Got the fattest policeman I ever saw to help us, too. Nice little fellow, Charley. Alcock, mind you. Genius, you know. Didn't wash much; as a kid, I remember. A Communist?" Mr. Vernon shook his head, troubled.

Barter?

I WENT to book seats for "You Never Can Tell." In front of me a woman was waving her ration book at the box office. It all seemed to be going on in dumb show. Was this barter? Your ration for two stalls? Show on points? I politely pretended not to notice. A man on the bus was talking about Richard Strauss. "Yes," he said, "but is he politically sound?" I have the feeling that there is no greater abundance than to expect the usual emotions of patriotism, loyalty and so on from the artist. He is no more than the funnel through which sound is poured. When no sound is coming you should expect nothing. I drove down to Windsor to see a play. Backstage a actor was reporting that Princess Margaret's

By PAUL HOLT

At the play ...

HALFWAY through the first act the man on the stage was saying: "... at least in England they do not hunt the Jews."

A woman in the stalls behind me snorted. "First sensible thing I've heard tonight," she said loudly. After the interval her seat was empty. The rest of the house was more curious to stay to hear the arguments, put carefully and fairly for and against the British policy in Palestine.

The author clearly seemed to think that a whole lot of nice gentle people on both sides were being pushed around by fanatics and politicians. They not stupid soldiers with clubs nor Sten Gang thugs, were responsible for the violence which shames us all. Mr. Hecht was the real villain of his piece, which he calls "Little Holiday" after that rabid gent's notorious remark.

I noticed with a mild amusement that while the audience warmed audibly to every sentiment which showed the English to be tolerant, wise, and civilised people, the biggest applause of the evening went to a character who complained of "them furriers in our queues." But, of course, the solution there is not to get rid of the "furriers," but to get rid of queues.

When all is said and done, that is all we need to make us feel our good selves again.

COMMON COLD and common sense

By A Medical Correspondent

THE sudden change in the weather has brought the usual crop of slight colds.

They are nothing in themselves, but they are a useful warning to us that winter is on the way, and we must prepare ourselves accordingly.

After such a glorious summer, we are reluctant to put away our summertime habits, but we should start adjusting our clothing gradually, and especially that of the children.

THROUGH THE NOSE

Cold germs are not absorbed through our skin or our clothes.

They get in through the nose and the mouth, and the common-sense precaution, if you find yourself addicted to a sniffle, is to put up an antiseptic barrier by using nose drops every day and gargling with a mild antiseptic.

This is the time of year to get your doctor to give you an anti-catarhal vaccine injection to prevent your heavy colds later on.

A great many people—and I am one of them—have never had a bad cold since they started these injections.

However, they are not by any means infallible with everybody. Only about 50 percent are successful as a rule.

For the rest, it is a matter of common sense. A brisk walk every day, wet or fine, pumps the blood round and keeps you fit and, more important, makes you feel fit.

FRESH AIR, PLEASE

Above all, see that all your footwear is well soled and heeled. This is most important. Wet feet lead to much more serious things than colds—in fact, to rheumatism and kindred serious ills.

Put extra blankets on the bed if you like, but keep your windows wide open at night.

Sound sleep is essential to health, and you need fresh, clean air all night in your bedroom if your sleep is to be 100 percent refreshing.

If you feel a cold coming on avoid as far as possible warm, humid atmospheres where there are crowds, for your own sake and everyone else's.

The Wicksteed alarm has a good pair of lungs



SO you've been invited into the heart of my family because we find it good to be alive in 1947? Very well, then, come along and meet us at five o'clock in the morning when the baby is yelling and we are all at our very best.

There's nothing whatever the matter with the baby, I may say. He's not in any danger of starvation, and there are no defects in the sanitary arrangements with which he is provided.

It's just that he has got so much to say, and doesn't think anyone else should be asleep when he's awake, and wanting to talk—a trait that he gets from his mother.

In a semi-comatose state we stand it for half an hour, and then the doubts set in.

"What if he really has got a safety pin stuck in his tummy," says my wife.

"Well, he'd have noticed it before now if he had," I say. "Turn over and go to sleep. He'll live for another hour."

"All right," she says, "but it's your turn to get up, you know. So if there is anything the matter with him his blood will be on your hands, you cruel man."

(Oh, yes, we talk to each other like that in our house, especially in the early morning. I have never said we are a perfect family, only that we're a happy one.)

After a few minutes more of trying to persuade myself that I'm asleep because I've got my eyes shut, I begin to wonder whether, after all, there isn't something wrong.

So, with the milk lorries crashing down the road outside and dawn colouring the bomb site opposite I, a grown man, stagger over to the cradle and say sleepily: "Well, well, well, my little diddums, what's the matter with 'ums, then?"

That's the agreed signal for him to stop yelling and chuckle impudently in my face. And what a chuckle it is. I have only to look at it, writhing his face, and I'm ready to forgive anything, for it brings so many warm thoughts to the mind—thoughts of fun without malice, jokes without venom and joy at good company.

There he is at half-past five in the morning, just bursting with pleasure at being alive and wanting to share it with somebody. At one time I would have thought it possible to feel so good at this horrible hour of the day. The very thought would have made me shudder.

But how I find it infectious. I can't take my eyes off him, he's so marvellous, and we start the silliest conversation.

It's an odd thought, but all over the world there are millions of other babies, not as lovely as ours, of course, but with equal possibilities and equally unspoiled.

There are Chinese babies. Moslem babies. Hindu babies. Jewish babies. And the babies of Russians and G.I.s, and not one of them with a scrap of bitterness in his soul. Just jolly little people whose idea of fun is to drag their parents out of bed at daybreak and then to regale them with smiles.

Our teaching

SOME day, when we bunglers are drawing the old-age pension, all these little fellows will have grown up and taken over the world, and the sort of job they make of it will depend, for the most part, on what we've taught them in the meantime.

Basically, it is as simple as that.

It may sound soft, but looking at my baby, smiling there in his cradle, gives me a notion of what the world could be like if there was only some way of letting people grow up as unspoiled as they are when they're born.

It seems inconceivable as I watch his wondering eyes and little hands that he should ever want to drop an atom bomb on someone, and even more unlikely that anyone should want to bomb him.

How can it be possible that such a pink and perfect thing should ever grow up to hate or be hated?

Do you remember that old woman who came over from America this summer—Mrs. Margaret Singer Steer? She came to tell us that the way to get Europe out of its mess was to prohibit babies for the next ten years.

I've got an idea that's just as good as hers. Instead of a world of grown-ups without children, why not one of children without grown-ups? They couldn't be worse than we are.

Our example

I CONFESS that I soon run out of nice things to say about other people's babies, but, in their turn, both of mine have filled me with lofty resolutions, like a diary on the first of January.

What a wonderful thing it would be if some Divine light were to envelop us all so that willy-nilly, whatever we did, we could teach our offspring no wrong.

What a world they could build without the greed and jealousies we pass on to them by our example.

"You know," said my wife, opening one eye and interrupting, "you're going to spoil that child, talking to him half the night."

"Well, I like that," I answered. "That's rich. First you go shaming me out of bed because the baby is bleeding to death from imaginary safety-pin wounds. And then you say I'm spoiling him. I can use that in my article."

"Well," she said, "if everything that goes on in this house is going to be put in the paper, I'm leaving."

Our wonder

WE can afford to say things like that, my wife and I, because both of us know how little we mean them. Really she's as daft about the baby as I am.

In all humility she marvels at the power that was given her to make such a wonderful thing. She feasts herself on the perfection of his fingers and toes and ears. When he pouts his lips and wrinkles his nose she laughs as gaily as when we were courting.

As usual, Philip, who is seven, puts it best. We intended for a girl, and when he heard it was a boy he said: "Well, it's something, anyway."

How right he is. We cannot imagine now how we could ever have wanted anything else.

93 Books

AS a father I thought I should look into child psychology. So I went to the London Library, where they have 93 books on the subject.

Looking down the list I found that most of the earlier ones were written in German—an odd fact when you consider how the Germans have turned out. The later ones are by Americans, and if you know what American children are like you may think this odder still.

One of the oldest theories about children, I read in one of the 93 books, is that they're inherently sinful, and the way to get rid of the sin is first to baptise them, and then, as they grow older, to beat them.

Both my children were baptised without our realising that it had anything to do with child psychology. We had it done because we liked the ceremony and thought it would help us to realise our responsibilities, which just goes to show how ignorant parents can be.

A more modern belief is that children are not inherently bad but inherently good, and that the method to keep them that way is to let them do just what they like, even if it is blowing up grandmother.

That's the theory behind some of these "advanced" schools that you hear about.

But now child psychology has entered a new phase. The scientists have taken it up and hope to do for it what Pasteur did for medicine.

They avoid the human approach as too sentimental, and treat children as test tubes and guinea pigs, in order to build up a mass of known facts on which to work.

The new-born

IN one of the 93 books, for instance, it tells how the child psychology scientists thought it important to know if a new-born baby could

hear. So they got hold of one and blew whistles at it, rang bells, shouted and held tuning forks to its ears.

By noting changes in the baby's breathing and pulsation they believed they had made themselves heard.

Being scientists, they weren't satisfied with that. That next thing they wanted to know was whether babies could hear before they were born. Tests with one showed that it probably could.

IT'S FUN BEING BERNARD WICKSTEED

Other things proved in the interests of the new science are that babies have a sense of smell and taste very soon after they are born. This was found out by putting ammonia under their noses and salt, sugar, quinine, and citric acid on their tongues.

Another thing they have found is that babies feel a pain in the neck at an earlier age than one in the legs.

The 'normal'

YOU may well ask what all this has to do with bringing up children to be good and happy. Everything, say the scientists. "If you don't know the order in which their senses and powers develop, how can you know the order in which to teach them things?"

So, by watching hundreds of children through one-way glass windows, filming them and taking them with feathers, they have compiled a list of what are called "norms" or, in other words, things that an average child should be able to do at different ages.

At one month a normal baby can sneeze, and if you tickle its feet it will wave them about in the air (known to science as "Babinski too fanning").

When it is four months a baby will blink at a snigger, waved, in front of its eyes, though probably not at something as small as a pencil. It can also put its hands in its mouth, and laugh.

At 18 weeks it should close its hands on a dangling object, at 20 weeks pick up things on touch, and at 24 weeks grab them on sight. By ten months it should be already partially left or right handed.

It should walk when 18 months and run when aged two.

At three it can copy a circle, at five a square and at seven a diamond. At four it should be able to tap with a pencil at the rate of 100 taps a minute, rising to 250 taps a minute at 12.

Its vocabulary should be three words at one year, 300 at two, 3,000 at six and 14,000 at twelve.

The unhappy

THESE are facts and very interesting but when it comes to what the parent should actually do I found that few of the experts agreed. So I made an appointment to see the head psychiatrist at a London clinic.

"It is true," he said, "that we sometimes disagree, because the science is developing so fast. But the really important thing is to give your children a stable home life. If you don't give them this, whatever else you do, they are most unlikely to grow up into happy, balanced individuals."

"Young children whose parents are separated can be unbelievably miserable at heart, however contented they may seem, and it is bound to come out later."

"It is more important for this home life and care to be continuous than it is for it to be enlightened."

"And the future of child psychology? Well, in the last hundred years the scientific approach to medicine has just about halved the death rate. The same approach to mental health in childhood should do as much for people's minds as medicine has done for their bodies."

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



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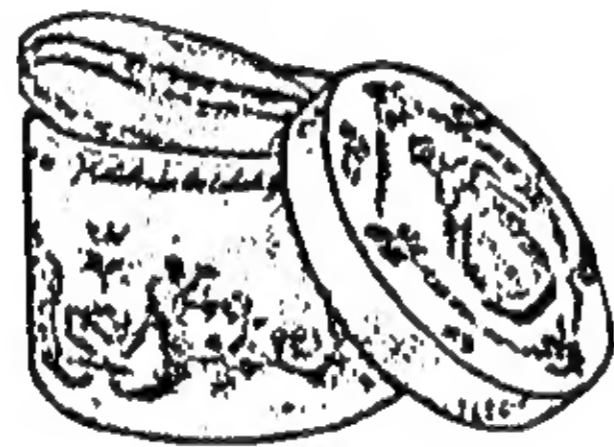
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Wedding lines

HAT styles at the Royal Wedding were more lively than the styles of the past year, for there is already a trend toward hats which tip forward again. Most popular shapes were bulky bouquets at the three-quarter angle, often with bloused Tudor crowns; deep cloche bonnets, again with that bulky look; profile hats in helmet and other head-hugging styles; and pillboxes and toques, worn straight on the head with an outsize, impudent quill.

Sigrid has sketched three of the styles worn at the wedding.

Left—A Pastel profile hat, in crushed felt, trimmed with loops of ribbon clustered above each ear.

Centre—Pearl's petal-edged hat designed for Viscountess Anson, the Queen's niece, in azure blue felt.

An off-the-face hat, it is trimmed with sequins grouped around tiny velvet bows to match the velvet binding.

Right—For Lady Jean Rankin, duty-in-waiting to the Queen, they made the cherry red velvet hat, trimmed in front with three black silk pompoms and tied under the chin with fine black veiling.

Tasty Meat Dishes

PRIZE-WINNING RECIPES FROM ENGLAND

To give the family something new and different in the way of a meat dish, housewives in England were invited last week to send in recipes for a meat pudding. Here are three of the prize winning recipes which will provide tasty fare for winter meals in Hongkong.

Steamed Meat Pudding

Take 1lb. topside steak, 2 large carrots, 3 tomatoes, 2 medium sized onions, chopped thyme and parsley, pepper and salt to taste.

Cut meat and vegetables into neat dice, add 1 pint water, simmer till tender and seasonings, and stir well. Strain off gravy, cool meat, and vegetables.

Make batter with 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, pinch salt. Add cooked meat and vegetables, mix well, pour into greased basin and steam 2 hours. Thicken gravy and serve with pudding.

Devon Curry Pudding

Line a basin with pastry. Peel and slice 1 onion, 1 apple, 3lb. minced meat, few cauliflowers, salt and pepper, and curry powder to own taste. Mix all with 1 cup water or stock, and put into the lined basin and cover top with pastry, and boil 2½ hours.

Beef Steak Pudding

Make pastry with 3 cups flour, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, pinch salt, pinch baking powder, as much cold water as will allow flour and suet to come out of the basin in whole piece. Work the dough lightly and roll out.

Line a greased basin with the pastry, fill with the steak, cut in pieces, which have been rolled out in flour, herbs, and seasoning. Nearly fill the basin with cold water, then cover with the remaining pastry, wetting the outer edges of the basin to make it stick.

If to be steamed place in a steamer for 3 hours. If preferred boiled, dip a pudding cloth in boiling water, sprinkle with flour, put over pudding. Place basin in a saucepan of boiling water, add more boiling water as required.

After the courtesies there are many other influences before a fashion reaches the average woman. A fashion reporter gives news of fashion changes, not necessarily of their enforcement. My opinion is that the longer and fuller skirt looks very lovely, but out of place in working hours. When it is near ankle-length and slim it is ageing, ugly and hard to wear for any woman who has no immediate access to Paris hats, American United teryls, Italian shoes and international beauty parlours.

THE London wholesaler is wringing his hands over the publicity given to new fashions, women's obvious reaction to acquire them, and price, coupon and material restrictions. He says, "The manufacturer is restricted to the use of three and a half yards per gown if he is not a fashion reporter giving news. It is not possible for him to make a gown with the pre-war full skirt or with the post-war full skirt." But wholesalers are managing to extract an extra two inches length on present cloth allowances for utility and non-utility garments, in spite of the walls.

The buyers and assistants in retail shops and stores report that ultra-fashionable and women from abroad are asking for longer skirts to their clothes. "The average woman asks to see them because she is interested, even though she dislikes them, but we expect a general acceptance of the longer skirt by next spring."

The ultra clothes-conscious woman cannot call a "clothes-horse"—has had her skirts discreetly worn for some time. On fashion-

able boat trains, in smart restaurants and hotel lounges, nearly every other woman wears her hemline at mid-calf.

Sir Stafford Cripps, says longer skirts mean fewer clothes for British women because of cloth involved. "To increase our exports we might use our designers to keep short skirts popular here, but popularise longer skirts for consumer countries."

But Sir Stafford does not understand women: they hate to be out of step with current fashion, and if they know that women everywhere else are adopting a new trend, they will come to want it, too.

IS THIS SURRENDER?

PATRICIA LENNARD sums up a revolution of our time

IN the Battle of the Hemline which is agitating public opinion in three continents, a cry went up in London a few days ago from the head of a Paris model milliner's who declared, "It is a real revolution that is upon us."

The long skirt has aroused the fighting spirit of women in Australia and has been branded as a crime against human decency by a pastor in Washington. It caught the austere eye of Sir Stafford Cripps, who called it "idiotic."

What is the next move? Fashions cannot stand still for long. Though women will not admit

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DIVING among new materials and dresses in the make, 47-year-old Angele Delanghe, one of our few British women designers, paused between work-room and fashion show—endowed clients to discuss the new skirt.



GOING DOWN

LEFT: Matuli's prune facecloth "new silhouette" suit. Revolutionary features are the soft shoulder-line, fitted bodice, tight waist, hippy drape, long skirt, and the long full skirt. RIGHT: Joy Ricardo's black and white checked suit that blurs into fashionable grey. The jacket is tightly waisted, padded over the hips. The skirt, over-checked, is slim—and long.

it, they like a change. They need not wear longer skirts if they do not want to. But there is a follow-my-leader attitude, a desire not to let the other woman get ahead. Designers understand and interpret this. It is just a question of finding something new. This season it is the longer skirt. It might have been a waist on the hipline; you should be thankful for small mercies.

WHEN Paris re-entered world fashion after the war she found her buying market with the older women, who have the taste, the poise and the money to wear womanly clothes. And it is not only Paris who realises this. A London designer says: "Postwar fashion is designed for the woman of 30 to 40, and it accepts her assurance in her own taste."

That is why we are getting boxy, hippy fashions with a line designed to give a boost to the older woman.

Christian Dior, creator of the longest-of-all skirt, explains it as "suggesting all the mystery of the leg."

Blaming fashion dictatorship by foreign designers for British long skirts is absurd: there is no compulsion behind them—except their knowledge of women.

Here are statements by our own couturiers on their clothes recently shown for autumn and winter. "We have sponsored the longer skirt silhouette, but no eccentric lengths." "Skirt lengths for day on the average are 15in. off the ground. We should like to bring them down to 14½in., but are having pity on our home customers who have to wear last year's coat over them." "For day, skirts are mid-calf length."

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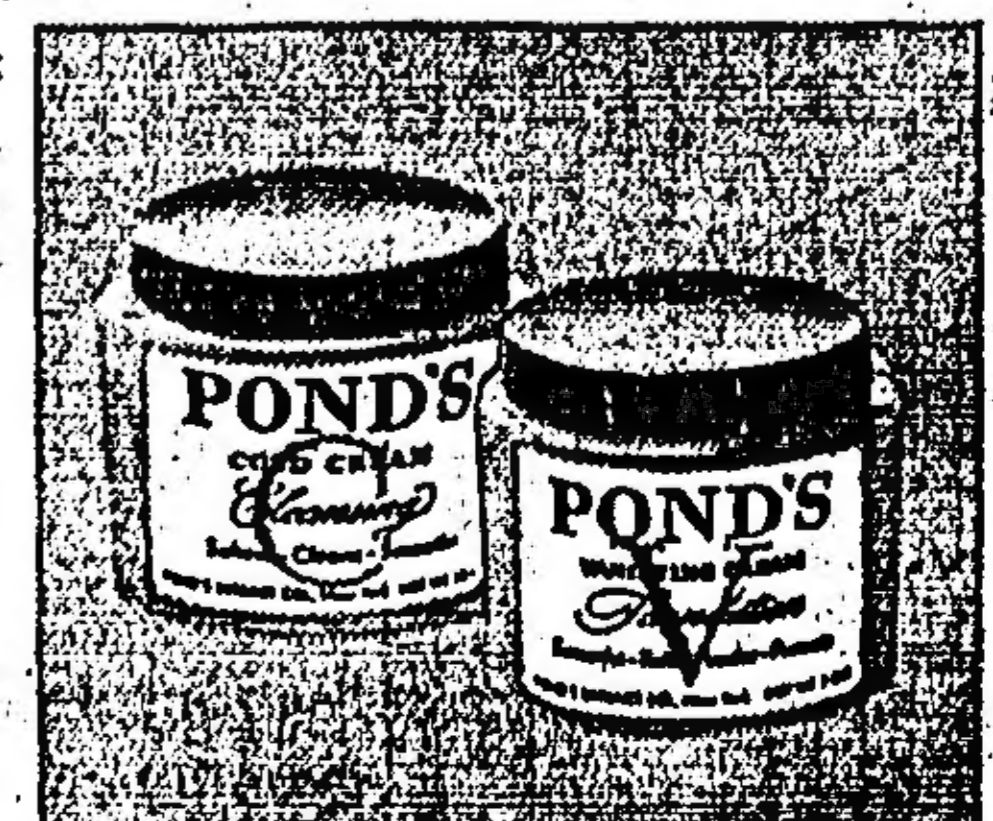
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Vanishing Cream, over throat and face (all except eyes). Leave on for one full minute. Wipe off. "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens and dissolves tiny dirt specks, flocks of dead skin that make your complexion seem rough, dull and drab.

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I CALL THIS A WASTE OF YOUR MONEY

LONDON. SOME details of how Britain is spending public money on entertaining "good will" visitors from abroad has come into my hands.

They show that, however austere-minded we may have to be in other departments, apparently when it comes to hospitality and culture we are lavishness itself.

The startling sum of £434 Gs. 6d. was spent on entertaining six Greek nurses who came to Britain.

The European tour of the Sadler's Wells Ballet company cost us £20,000.

An Argentine poetess named Victoria Ocampo, who on her arrival here announced she wanted to get in touch with the common people of Britain, was put up in a suite at Claridge's. Private hire cars were engaged at public expense to carry her around. She was lunched and

Such a sum surely needs a justification of the highest national urgency at a time when the country is cutting down vital imports of food and raw materials, when newspapers have to reduce their size to four pages in order to save £1,000,000 worth of newspaper dollars.

But what dismay me about the British Council is not just the wooliness of their spending. It is the wooliness of their whole attitude. They have no clear idea of what they are trying to do.

I asked Mr. Shreeve, what the objective of the British Council was. He said it was "to push British culture as far as we can."

I asked whether the British Council had ever tried to clarify them out in what might be called a General Directive, stating the long-term and short-term objectives of the British Council and the methods by which they mean to attain them.

No, he said, they have never worked out such a document. All they had was the charter. But he felt they ought to have such a directive. It was a splendid idea. He thanked me for my constructive criticism.

I asked Mr. Shreeve whether the British Council kept any kind of record of what happened to all these visitors they entertained. What, for

Sefton Delmer's NEWSMAP

dined and wine for eight weeks.

She was taken to theatres. Bouquets of orchids were presented. The cost? My information said £800.

But when I went to discuss this and other items with the British Council, the authority sponsoring this hospitality, I gathered that £800 was only a partial figure.

Mr. J. H. Shreeve, a middle-aged civil servant with a high record of efficient public service who has recently become a Deputy Director-General of the British Council, laughed incredulously when I told him about the expensive poetess.

"Don't tell me!"

DESPITE the cautious attitude of public relations officer Paul Reid, he rang down to the accounts department and asked for the figures.

When he got them he sighed into the house telephone: "Don't tell me any more," and put down the receiver. "You were quite right," he said, turning to me. "It cost extra."

"How much was it?" I asked. Mr. Shreeve said: "Nine hundred pounds."

"You know," he went on, "these South Americans are always expensive. They are accustomed in their own countries to having everything in the shop window, and you just have to do them well."

The expense account of the poetess was the last time Mr. Shreeve checked the figures on the house telephone.

When I put the case of a sanitary inspector from Gambia before him—the account contained an item of £30 to cover the cost of warm winter clothing—Mr. Shreeve said that in this view such expenditure would be in order "on grounds of humanity."

Mr. Reid, not Mr. Shreeve, dealt with the case of the Greek nurses. They had been working very hard while they were in this country said Mr. Reid.

A dinner for four Belgian rectors at the Ecu du France Restaurant in London, the bill for which amounted to £14 15s. 5d., seemed to both of them quite in order seeing that in addition to the four Belgians there were four members of the British Council in the party, and two other guests.

Mr. Shreeve thought it well worth £20,000 to have the Sadler's Wells Ballet visit Warsaw and prove to the Poles that we had a ballet in Britain.

No, you could not expect the ballet tour to pay for itself. They could not stay long enough in the various capitals to cover their expenses. He thought £20,000 would cover the difference between the takings and expenses of the tour. It might, however, still turn out to be a bit more.

£3,500,000

NOW, I am only a reporter. I cannot make the British Council produce their accounts for me. Nor am I a chartered accountant capable of checking the accounts if they were presented to me.

But I do urge most strongly that the Treasury, who have ordered a ten percent cut in the British Council's gigantic £3,500,000 budget, should not content themselves with a routine consideration of the council's proposed economy cuts.

They should look carefully into all this expenditure and consider most scrupulously whether it is really possible to justify it as being in the public interest in the present crisis.

The Council, Mr. Shreeve informed me, are spending £1,700,000 in foreign currency this year. Much of this is being spent in South America, Spain, Portugal, and other hard currency countries.

instance, had the poetess done after her departure from Claridge's?

Mr. Shreeve did not know. But he thought it a splendid idea. Yes, they ought really to keep a record.

Tell them

I DO not blame the officials of the British Council for having no check-up on the results of their work.

If you have an entertainment allowance of £30,000 for hospitality to visitors overseas, plus another £64,000 for general entertainment (these are Mr. Shreeve's figures) for such vaguely defined purposes as "furthering international understanding" or "promoting a better comprehension of British culture," no doubt any cocktail party could be made to fit these objectives.

But I am surprised at the Foreign Office, out of whose funds comes £2,500,000 of the total £3,500,000. I believe that if the Foreign Office and the Treasury were to insist on clear directives they would find very quickly that the functions of the British Council, in so far as they are relevant to British interests at all, could be taken over by the News Department of the Foreign Office and its network of information officers abroad.

A better cause

IF the Government has foreign currency to spare for political purposes abroad, I would much rather see it given to the intelligence services.

I am told the Intelligence Services are being made to cut down their allocations by the same ten percent, which has been ordered for the Council.

Therefore, I say, cut Argentine poetesses off our payroll. No more money for orchids at our expense. Let us give any cash we can spare to our eyes and ears if we don't need it for our mouths. And let us stop all this waste about "pushing British culture as far as we can."

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

A CORRESPONDENT who is deeply interested in ballet writes to ask me if the career of Miss Eurydice Platt (Irina Konsatina) was confined to the one unfortunate experience I described.

No, no, no, no. She made what is called a come-back. She was engaged again by Eugen Bulb to play in *Giselle*, with music by Sileghammer, choreography by Pippi, and choreology by Mungo Wursi.

All she had to do, as a Grenobloise, was to lean against a booth in the market-place while a gentleman flirted with her. She leaped, and the booth capsize, shooting a gross of abam oranges into the orchestra-pit. One orange got wedged in a French horn, and the odd noise ensuing started a row on the stage.

Nothing to do with me

SMUGGLING is becoming very difficult, they tell me. I hear of a man who had a silk stocking sticking out of his breast-pocket where his handkerchief should have been.

The Customs official pointed to it. "I have a cold," said the traveller. "A cold?" "Yes, in my leg."



Merry Christmas Department

What happens next in Palestine?

WILL the Arabs fight if the United Nations attempt to impose the partition of Palestine?

For obvious reasons, Zionists whisper down the thousand channels of their propaganda that they will not.

As far as the British people are concerned, they have made up their minds. They require no evocation of future catastrophes to confirm their support of the Government in its stated resolve to evacuate Palestine.

They are utterly opposed to the sacrifice of a single soldier's life or the expenditure of another pound to establish a Jewish State.

Fight for land

ZIONIST propaganda is utterly misleading in this instance, as it has so often been in others.

The Arabs, and not only those of Palestine, will certainly fight if an attempt is made to enforce partition.

They will do so for exactly the same reasons as would Britons in similar circumstances.

Imagine that after the 1914 war we had offered the Jews a National Home in Kent instead of imposing them on the Arabs of Palestine.

Suppose that they had settled there in such numbers that 25 years later, having become a third of the population, they claimed that Kent should become a Jewish State, but were prepared as a great concession to be content with two-thirds of the county?

It is good news indeed to them that the British are going. The conflict will at least not be with us.

It has been made clear that neither blandishments nor threats will lead us to accept the preposterous American proposal that we should impose partition before we go, or the American-Russian suggestion that our troops should play the policeman at the orders of a United Nations Committee, which could command British soldiers to kill Arabs, and in turn be killed themselves.

We have no intention of becoming either the unpaid mercenaries of the United Nations, or Ben Hecht's Janissaries.

But what will happen when we go? Probably the best solution would be that contingents from the armed forces of the Arab States should occupy Palestine as the British withdrew.

The Jewish armed forces would probably not be so unwise as to attempt to fight on a wide front and would withdraw to defend their base round Tel-Aviv.

Eventually the Jews would have to accept to live as the minority they are, but under ample guarantees as to their safety, in Arab Palestine.

This orderly solution, which presupposes a central authority obeyed by all, may well not materialise. The Lebanon has the smallest of forces; Syria has an immense ter-

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD SPEARS, British Minister in Syria and the Lebanon, 1942-44

Would the people of Kent, and their neighbours in Sussex and Essex, accept this?

Of course they would not, any more than the neighbouring Arab States will tolerate such a state of affairs in Palestine.

The Transjordan Army is absolutely first-class, but not very numerous. The action its ruler may take has not been made clear.

It may be he intends only to occupy the purely Arab part of Palestine, which might embroil him with his neighbours.

Egypt is apparently undecided, wishing to lead the Arab World without undertaking the leading part in defending Arab Palestine.

The desert riders of King Ibn Saud are far away.

Middle East alarm

IF concerted action by the Arab States is not to be, the alternative is not pleasant.

So soon as the Jews attempt to establish their State, the Palestinian Arabs will revolt; then, whatever the plans or hesitations of the Arab Governments may be, there will be an inevitable rush, growing in volume every week, of armed men from all over the Middle East towards Palestine.

Governments or kings that resisted would be swept away.

It may well be that in the ensuing turmoil the Arab States may quarrel among themselves.

The Hashemite dynasty which rules Iraq and Transjordan is not on the best of terms with the formidable King of Saudi-Arabia, Ibn Saud. Transjordan lies between Palestine and Saudi-Arabia.

The soldiers of Ibn Saud, the handiwork, the grimmest, and the most determined warriors I have ever seen, may demand right of way, and as they go remember that their king lays claim to the Transjordan towns of Akkaba and Maan.

Worst nightmare

THERE is no Arab who will accept partition, not a leader who thinks he could hold his people back if fighting starts in Palestine.

The worst nightmare of the Arabs is that they might become involved in armed conflict with the British.

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This orderly solution, which presupposes a central authority obeyed by all, may well not materialise. The Lebanon has the smallest of forces; Syria has an immense ter-

itory with turbulent populations, and could not be denuded of troops without risk.

The fine Iraqi Army is separated from its objective by great distances and could send only a comparatively small contingent to Palestine.

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Unity may end

JEALOUSIES will be awakened and wars may follow.

The present unity may evaporate, though not before every trace of Jewish State has disappeared from Palestine, together, alas, with the thriving and numerous Jewish communities that have lived in peace in the Arab lands for centuries; for a wave of hatred will be started which will sweep far and deep.

Hatred of the Zionists will lead to hatred of the Jews, then of the Christians.

Only one State will profit: Russia. She has only to wait.

America and oil

WITH incredible folly the American, in the narrow pursuit of electoral interests, have already conceded to Russia a key to the Middle East.

We kept Russia out of the Middle East, by centuries of wise diplomacy, because we knew that were she to gain a footing there she would bisect, and therefore control, the world.

That was before the days of oil. If Russia now gains the Middle East she will control our oil. No other source can supply our needs.

Without it our ships remain in harbour and our factories close down. Europe will be doomed and the United States herself may in time be in jeopardy of her life.

Surely this is a high price to pay to satisfy Zionist aspirations and placate the Jewish vote in New York?

UNCLE SAM'S OTHER ENGLAND

AMERICAN COMMENTARY

by Arthur Webb

I HAVE been wandering through Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk and Suffolk.

I have been to Cambridge, Brighton, Dorchester, Winchester, Lynn, Chelsea and Hyde Park. But at no time was I more than ten miles from my hotel.

It was all quite simple. I just took a plane to Boston, Massachusetts, to attend the conference of the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

Boston is the centre of the New England of the Pilgrim Fathers. Despite some slight differences that occurred at a little tea party way back in 1773, nobody tried to obliterate the old ties by renaming the counties of the State of which Boston is the capital, nor those of the outlying townships.

Paradoxes

INDEED, even after the Irish influx eighty years later, Boston went on giving English names to its streets—Ashford, Churchhill, Clatham, Euston, Greenwich, Poplar, Northampton, Oldham, Marlborough, Somerset, Wollington and Windsor, to pick a few at random.

There is hardly a Gaelic one among the lot.

That is one of the many paradoxes that struck a stranger who had been told that Boston was more Irish than Dublin, and that an English accent would start a riot.

Wandering through the streets, I was only occasionally once heard a really heavy Irish brogue. Do not misunderstand me. There are Irish in Boston all right. You can find them in the police and the City Hall.

And in the telephone book. There must be some ten thousand of them listed there.

I counted five pages of Sullivans, two and a half pages of O'Briens, two pages of O'Connors—could they all be descendants of the prolific Daniel O'Connell, the Irish statesman, known as the Liberator? Then there were two pages of MacCarthys, two of Mahoneys, one of O'Learys, and one of Flynns.

Many people who pose as fountainheads of knowledge are intellectually nothing more than little squirts.

The fashionably-dressed matron was stopped at the church door by an usher.

"May I see your invitation to the wedding?" he asked.

"I have none," she snapped. "Are you a friend of the groom?" he ventured.

"Certainly not!" was the indignant answer. "I am the bride's mother!"

A woman was driving her car at sixty miles an hour when she noticed the motorcycle policeman following. Instead of slowing down, she hit seventy—then seventy-five—then eighty.

Suddenly she spied a petrol station, pulled up in front of it, ran out and dashed into the ladies' room.

Ten minutes later she came out and faced the police. Without blinking an eyelid, she said coolly: "I'll bet you thought I wouldn't make it."

Friendly city

BOSTON'S aristocracy has origins as dubious as many of our own, who after centuries are to have their legislative powers curtailed, and Boston's big fortunes, now said to be more than five hundred million pounds, were laid when

Bostonians traded in cod and ice and "blue ivory" and swept the seas in Boston clippers.

Boston is a likeable, friendly city with many narrow, crooked streets that could be duplicated round London's Champs-Élysées. Elsewhere you find architecture that is near enough to Kensington to provide—as it did—the settings for the film of

Disraeli's "Vanity Fair." Despite a few near-sky-scrapers and ultra-modern buildings, there is still a lot of the atmosphere that caused Dickens to write a hundred years ago: "Boston is what I would like the whole of the United States to be."

It has slums—some as bad as those of Liverpool—but there the many gracious houses and many elegant buildings.

In short, Boston is a city of contrasts and contradictions. It is lampooned by New York, which has stolen its overseas trade although Boston is two hundred miles nearer to Europe.

No plan

IT is a city that grew, like London, on an elevated railway that runs underground—many of its "trains" are just single-decker trolley cars.

It is notorious for a stupid, narrow censorship that gives bad books such a boost that they become best-sellers everywhere else in the United States. Yet it permits strip-tease shows.

And although its Democratic Mayor is in prison on a Federal charge, the State's Republican Governor made it possible for him to retain his office and continue to draw his salary.

Jests And Jeers

"In the leisurely afternoons," writes a historian, "the court ladies of the sixteenth century liked to curl up with a book." Still others presumably were content just to curl up with some of the pages.

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DAVID LANGDON CARTOON



WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION?

The second of three important articles by the leaders of the Churches in Britain setting down in simple language the faiths of their Churches

The beliefs of the Free Churches

by . . . the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council

AS their name implies the Free Churches are deeply concerned about Freedom or, as they prefer to call it, Spiritual Independence.

Believing that every Christian can make a sound spiritual judgment they demand a legitimate place in Church and State for the exercise of that judgment. No outside authority such as Tradition, Convention, or the State must constrain men in their Christian life.

Religious truth may come to a man backed by a venerable institution, widespread belief, noble language and great names, but, before it becomes vital to him, a man must pronounce upon it and make it in the deepest sense his own.

He cannot take it second-hand from the Church, or third-hand from the State. He must get it at first-hand or not at all. Freedom thus becomes a spiritual necessity for man.

MAN'S RIGHT

Judge for himself

AT the Reformation this claim was first made against the Church.

Men found themselves no longer able to accept things on the mere authority of the Church. They demanded the right to judge for themselves. This was only one of the things arising from that conflict, but it went deep.

The ordinary Christian must be given freedom in all questions affecting the doctrine and polity of the Church.

Such a claim made in a time of Revolution was bound to lead to extremes.

Some wanted to abolish the Church altogether and trust to the inner light. Others insisted on ill-balanced judgments, and private interpretations that were both dangerous and unsound.

Secondary things were put first, and first things last. Christian charity came last of all.

As time went on, however, there emerged a conception of the Church in which authority and freedom are preserved and the faith once delivered to the saints is securely guarded in the Church.

Free Churchmen may not believe that God wants us to speak, pray, and sing all in the same way, but they no less stoutly believe in the fundamentals of the faith.

As one of my teachers put it: "You may have the right to question this or that statement of the Apostle Paul, but you have no right to throw out of the window everything that made Paul the man he was."

In worship, too, everything must be done decently and in order, but this does not prevent the introduction of new and different methods of worship.

The Free Churches exercise that freedom in their use of hymns, their use or disuse of robes, and in their finding new ways and new offices to make their worship a satisfying thing.

This means variety but not necessarily confusion or disorder.

One church may use the individual cup at Communion, another may use the common cup.

One church may have ministers who cut off the ends of the old-fashioned stock and wear a collar or a white tie in the pulpit.

Another may cut off the top and appear resplendent with Presbyterian bands. What matters it if the worship leads to a real communion with God?

Worship can never be anything more than that, and it should be nothing less.

The next struggle for Freedom was against the State.

The Church at times has sought to control the State. This time it was the other way round.

The State sought to control the Church, and our spiritual ancestors would have none of it. The Church must be free to order its religious life in obedience to its ever-living Head.

FREEDOM

Result of struggles

THERE could be no compromise on that. The struggle for a reasonable degree of freedom was long and bitter, and any attempt to restrict that freedom is as strongly resisted today as ever.

The restriction need not be by force. Legislation can prevent the Church doing its real job. The law must leave it free to do its work as well as express its faith.

One unexpected result followed from these two struggles. Free Churchmen were led to see the importance of Freedom, not only in the Church but also in the State.



THE MODERATOR
The Rev J. M. Richardson,
M.A., B.D.

This led them to relate their religion to ordinary every-day life.

They found men in their ordinary life fettered and bound, and they flung themselves into economic and political life to free them.

Their share in the liberating movements of the past two hundred years is no mean one and for it they deserve well of many who do not share their life.

Nor did their service end there. They passed easily from liberating measures to measures of betterment and reform.

There is hardly a single cause of betterment or uplift in the realm of benevolence or reform in which Free Churchmen have not made a full contribution of leadership and support.

For this they deserve well of the nation, but they have this further reward. Their religion has kept close to every-day life. "Nothing human is foreign to them."

They may derive their faith from beyond, but the sphere of operating that faith is in the world around.

OWN SAINTS

Often humble men

It is commonly said that the price of Freedom is eternal vigilance. Perhaps it would be more true to say that the price is eternal tension.

Free Churchmen have known and still know these tensions in plenty, for the greatest tensions come not in a conflict between good and evil but in a conflict between forces which can both be called good.

There are many such conflicts peculiar to free men. To take but one. The conscientious objector objects to taking part in war, and the State must use its full authority to maintain its safety.

How is the tension to be relieved? Free Churchmen would say on the one hand that the conscientious objector must not push his claim to the point of endangering the State, and the State, within the limits of safety, must find a place in national service for these men other than in the things of war.

So far, so good. But in each case that comes up for settlement the tension of adjustment will always be found and the rights of Freedom be in danger of being lost.

It is perhaps for this reason that the Free Churches have produced few saints of the gentle or quietist type. Yet they have their own saints, men and women often of very humble origin, who by the quality of their lives have played no mean part in the redemption of the world from futility and defeat.

Below the level of sainthood, they have produced within the Church men and women of sound moral and spiritual insights, teachers and preachers of great influence, pioneering missionaries at home and abroad, and outside the Church they have produced good citizens, daring social reformers, and keen politicians who have introduced, defended, and maintained Christian values and standards both for our nation and the world.

A TRUE CHURCH

Claim well founded

IT is by these things Free Churchmen judge themselves, and by these things they ask others to judge them.

Their claim to be a true Church rests on their loyalty to Christ, their commending of the faith by their integrity, wisdom and charity, and their extension of the faith by personal witness to the truth of the Gospel and by support of the things that lift human life to higher levels and nobler striving.

If by integrity, steadfastness, endurance, service and sacrifice, and if, above all, by deep spiritual insights into the working of truth and love, they have played no small part in the extension of God's Kingdom, they may rightly claim to be part of the one, holy, Catholic Church.

Next Saturday: "The Beliefs of the Roman Catholics," by Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster.

POCKET CARTOON



Give The Poor Dogs A Chance!

By "Candidus"

THE indiscriminate shooting of dogs, reported some days ago, naturally created surprise and resentment among all lovers of canine pets, especially so when it is remembered that it was once officially advocated that householders should keep dogs as a safely measure against unwelcome visitors.

The necessity for controlling dogs in these climes is fully appreciated, and it is doubtless on account of the measures which have been taken in the past that the dread disease hydrophobia so rarely occurs here. Preventative measures are, of course, essential, but the reckless shooting of wandering dogs is to be deplored.

All dogs are liable to stray occasionally, but this fact does not justify their destruction. In days past, the motor-cycle with side-car-cum-cage, attachment was to be seen frequently, and stray dogs were humanely netted and taken to a collecting centre. The owners then had the opportunity of retrieving their pets.

I cannot subscribe to the plea that some dogs are nice dogs simply because they happen to live in well-mannered localities. A dog is just as valuable to the humble hut or tenement dweller as to the owner of a mansion—and just as liable to stray. It earns the same sentimental regard and performs the same duty in protecting its master. The ugliest little mongrel may even possess greater virtues than his aristocratic brother.

Whether pedigreed or "mystified," the dog is loved more than any other animal just because of his faithfulness and intelligence. He becomes one of the family, and earns the same love, even if he does happen to be "just plain dawg."

There is no excuse for destroying a dog unless he is uncontrollable or rabid. Compulsory inoculation would help to solve the problem, and with poorer people, the number of dogs kept could be restricted. Shooting at sight without a fair trial is nothing short of criminal.

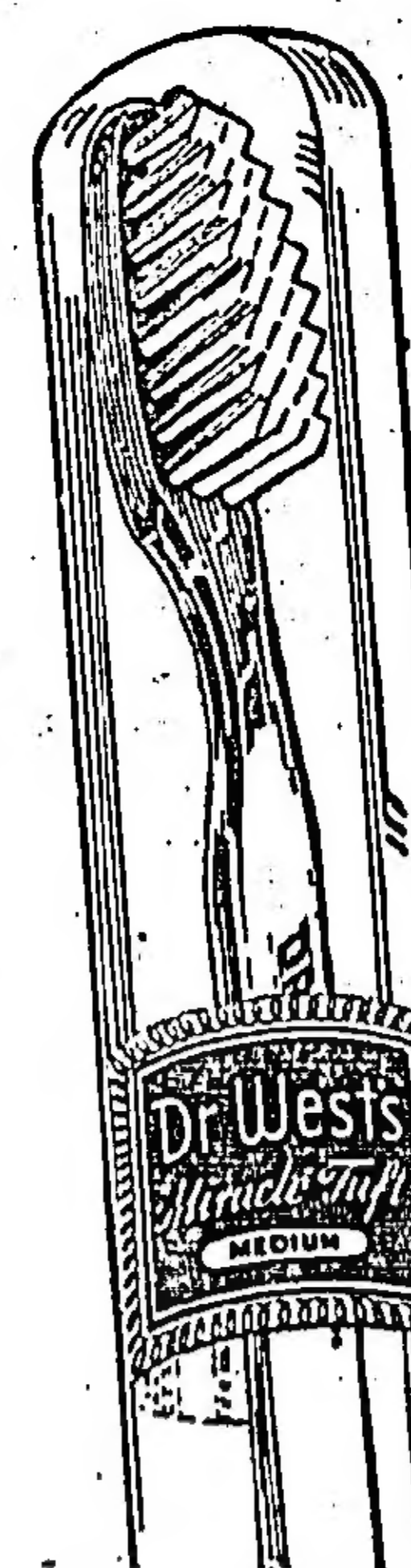
THERE appears to be every likelihood of a blood bath in Palestine as the result of the Jew-Arab dispute. The record of the lawless Jews makes one of the ugliest pages in history, and those concerned whether in Palestine or numbered amongst their sympathisers in the United States and elsewhere, are equally culpable. It will be a good day for Britain when she hands over, so unenviable a responsibility to the United Nations.

It seems to be a toss-up now as to whether the United States will endeavour to maintain law and order, or who her Russia will find an excuse to insinuate her creed and political practices into the Holy Land, as it is so ironically termed.

Influential Jews throughout the world have lost the opportunity they once had of protesting against assassination and murder practised in their own name. It is this aspect which all thinking people deplore so greatly. The frenzied fanatics who have ignored all civilised forms of pleading, have by their outrageous actions lost whatever sympathy their cause may once have evoked.

Palestine represents one of the world's greatest tragedies, and it is obviously a job for the rest of the world to settle, and cannot be placed upon the shoulders of any one nation.

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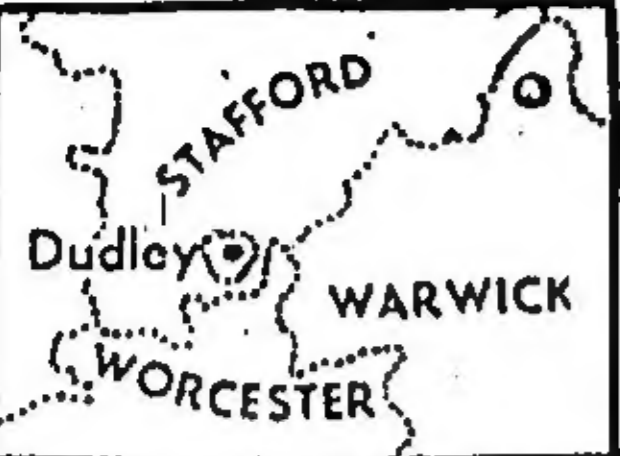


THE GIRLS WHO WOULDN'T BE LEFT BEHIND HIM (Copyright by All Central)

Are You Sure?

Answers on Page 10

1. The shrike is known as the butcher bird because it has a blue and white front, keeps its food on skewers, sang in Smithfield Market?
2. These peers were better known by their surnames. Can you give them—Lord Trefgarne, Lord Dukeston, Lord Quickwood, Lord Passfield?
3. London's Royal Borough is—Chelsea, Kensington, Westminster, Lambeth, Hampstead, Highbury?
4. Here is Dudley on the map. In which county is it?



5. The Lord of Misrule presided over—Mad Hatter's tea party, Rump Parliament, Court revels, Palace Court of Westminster?
6. Which is the greater of these figures—Highest score by one team in Association football match, lowest innings score in Test cricket?
7. Fray Bentos is a town of—Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile?
8. These were all concerned with the sea, but two were not sailors—Ben Backstay, John Dory, Tom Bunting, Sindbad, Moby Dick, Jack Tar, Tom Pique?
9. Georg Dimitrov was one of the accused in the Reichstag Fire Trial. He is now Prime Minister of—Rumania, Bulgaria, U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia?
10. What is a speleologist—Oil driller, pot holer, paralytic surgeon, egg collector?

Swedish Prefabs For Holland

Prefabricated building sections for three hangars with a span of over 40 metres, and also for an office building, were recently shipped from the Swedish port of Uddavalla to Holland.

These buildings, which are of wood, and which will be assembled on the spot, are intended for the Dutch airport of Schiphol, which was devastated during the war and which is now being reconstructed by the Dutch.

FROM HERE AND THERE:

ALL MALE WEDDING

Kingston, Jamaica.—A remarkable similar raffle for cattle. More is episode occurred here when two men attempted a marriage ceremony. One was a peddler, the other unemployed. Every preparation was made, including the publication of banns and the making of an elaborate three-storied wedding cake. The "bride" wore a wedding dress with veil, and had face rouged and nails painted. Numerous young men received invitations to a reception with orchestra. The secret was revealed when a fight developed before the ceremony and the men were arrested and their identity discovered.

"BACKWARD—OH TIME!"
Stockholm.—Eighty-nine year old King Gustav of Sweden has received a letter from a 48-year-old Swedish woman who wants to become 10 years younger. She asks for permission to change the year of birth on her birth certificate from 1899 to 1909, claiming she looks as if she were born in the latter year. She adds that the change is the only way to prevent her from becoming "really unhappy."

NOT EVEN SLEEPY
London.—William Gilbert Seaton, 77, born in Monmouthshire, has not slept since he was ten. He reads all night long and estimates he has finished 20,000 books in 60 years. His doctor reports him in good health.

SEEMS TO WORK
Cape Town.—Centenarian Anna Maria Peters gave her secret of long life: "I always have a bottle of beer before going to bed."

CHEATED DEATH
Milan.—A circus acrobat fell from a 40-ft. high flying trapeze into the arms of his father, owner of the circus, who saw him coming down and was quick enough to catch him. Father and son were only bruised.

KILLER WEED
Adelaide.—A mysterious poison weed is killing cattle on the famous overland stock route from the Victoria River towns across 400 miles of the Northern Territory to the Queensland border. The droving season is now in full swing, with thousands of head of cattle slowly moving eastward to market. Many are falling victims to a strange sickness on the long dry stage between Top Springs and the arid border. 100 miles west of Newcastle Waters.

WATER RATIONED
Amsterdam.—The newest object on the black market in watery Holland is water. On the island of Beveland, near Flushing, there are no waterworks and all the wells have dried up, so water is imported from Flushing. The 8,000 inhabitants of Beveland get a daily ration of two buckets per person with a

similar ration for cattle. More is available on the black market at 1 shilling a bucket.

MONTY'S JOKE
Salute-Maxence.—French photographers weekly laughed as Marshal Montgomery cracked a joke in French—they did not understand it. Posing for his photograph with the French Minister of War, M. Coste Floret, Monty said: "Toujours la photographie. C'est comme la bataille!" ("Always the photography. It is like a battle").

CANADIAN OIL
Ottawa.—Canada's newest oilfield, at Leduc, a few miles south of Edmonton, Alberta, will shortly be producing 10,000 barrels of oil a day, geologists here reported. One company plans the construction of a £1,000,000 refinery in Edmonton, with others surveying sites for possible plants. The giant Canol refinery at White Horse, Yukon, constructed during the war and never used commercially, is to be moved to Edmonton along the Alaska Highway, and is to be set up there immediately.

GENEROUS AVALANCHE
Cape Town.—The avalanche of food parcels for Britain has forced provision merchants to employ extra assistants to cope with the flood of orders, and the G.P.O. staff are exhausted.

CUPID'S CHAMBER
Cape Town.—The "bridal room"—No. 37 at a local hostel for business girls—has chalked up another victory. In the last 18 months six young girls who have had No. 37 have become engaged within a month of occupying the room and left it for the altar. None of them knew their husbands before taking No. 37. The matron of the hostel, who is fearful of publicity lowering the "tone" of the place, stated that there is a long list of girls who have booked the room confidently in advance.

FORGOT £50,000
Sydney.—Tax collectors, acting under their new powers to enter and search homes, have discovered evaders' and black marketers' secret hoards sewn in suits. The main hauls are: £5,000 in this buried in a back garden, £3,000 stuffed in a mattress and £5,000 from rafters. One evader, when his hoard was discovered, confessed that he had understated his income by £50,000.

REFUSED UMBERTO
Geneva.—The Swiss Federal Government has refused a visa to ex-King Umberto of Italy, who wished to visit his brother-in-law, King Leopold of the Belgians. The ex-Queen Marie Jose and her children have been granted visas.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

START NOW FOR CHRISTMAS



Christmas is near and pictures such as this can carry a personal greeting to your friends.

RUMMAGING through an old tree, trimmed and glowingly lit for Christmas, which you can use to make a card.

If not, there is still time to set up a picture such as today's which will spread your Christmas message this year. One friend of ours has been making a picture of his daughter for almost ten years now and his acquaintances look forward each year to his card to see how Margery has grown.

The truth is, no message is quite so personal as a photographic one. Take Bill's card, for instance. Bill is a real, dyed-in-the-wool camera fan. He sent us a multiple exposure shot of himself carolling. At first glance it looked like a quartet—but all four figures were Bill, each exposure placing him in a different position in his one-man group.

That, of course, is elaborate. But it's only one of dozens of ideas for Christmas cards you can make from photographs which you've taken yourself. Nor do such cards necessarily have to be specially prepared. Chances are in your file of old prints there's a snow scene or one of a

Emile can again offer you the nicer things—

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—and ask him to prepare some CREPE as he did before the balloon went up...

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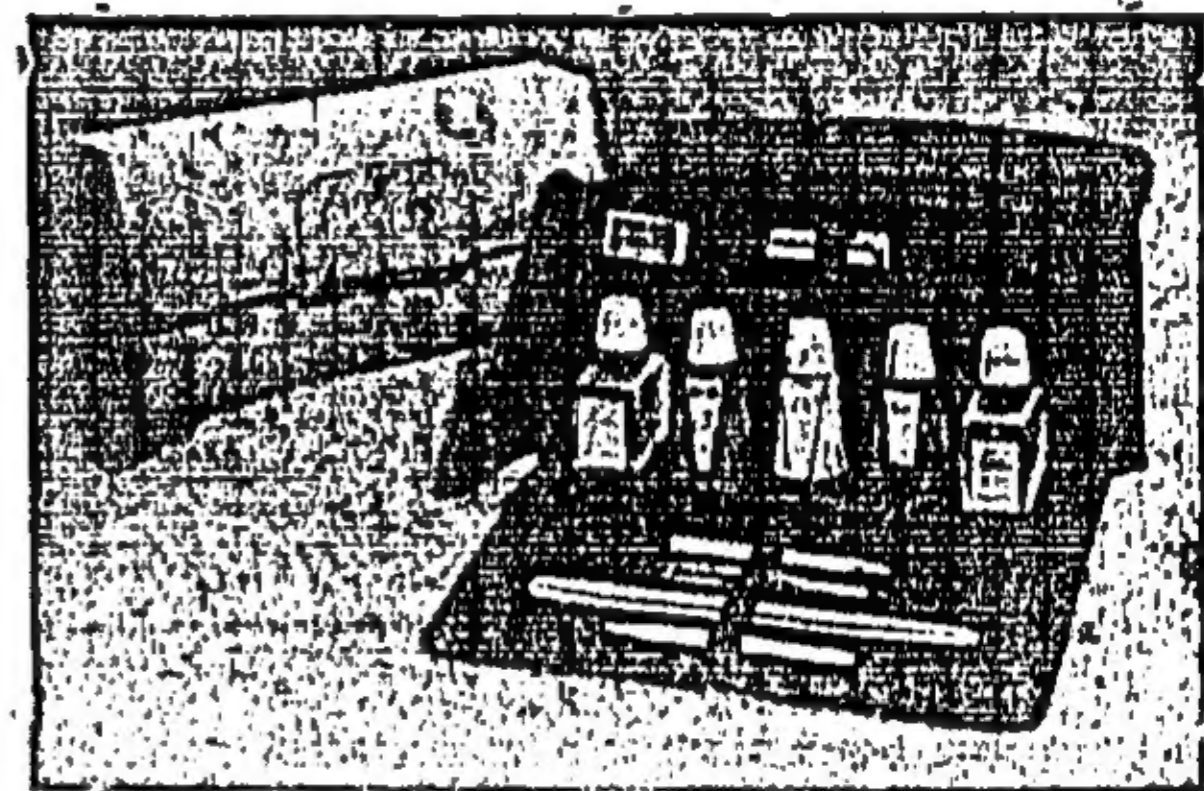
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Treating the Naked Noggin"
By KEMP STARRETT



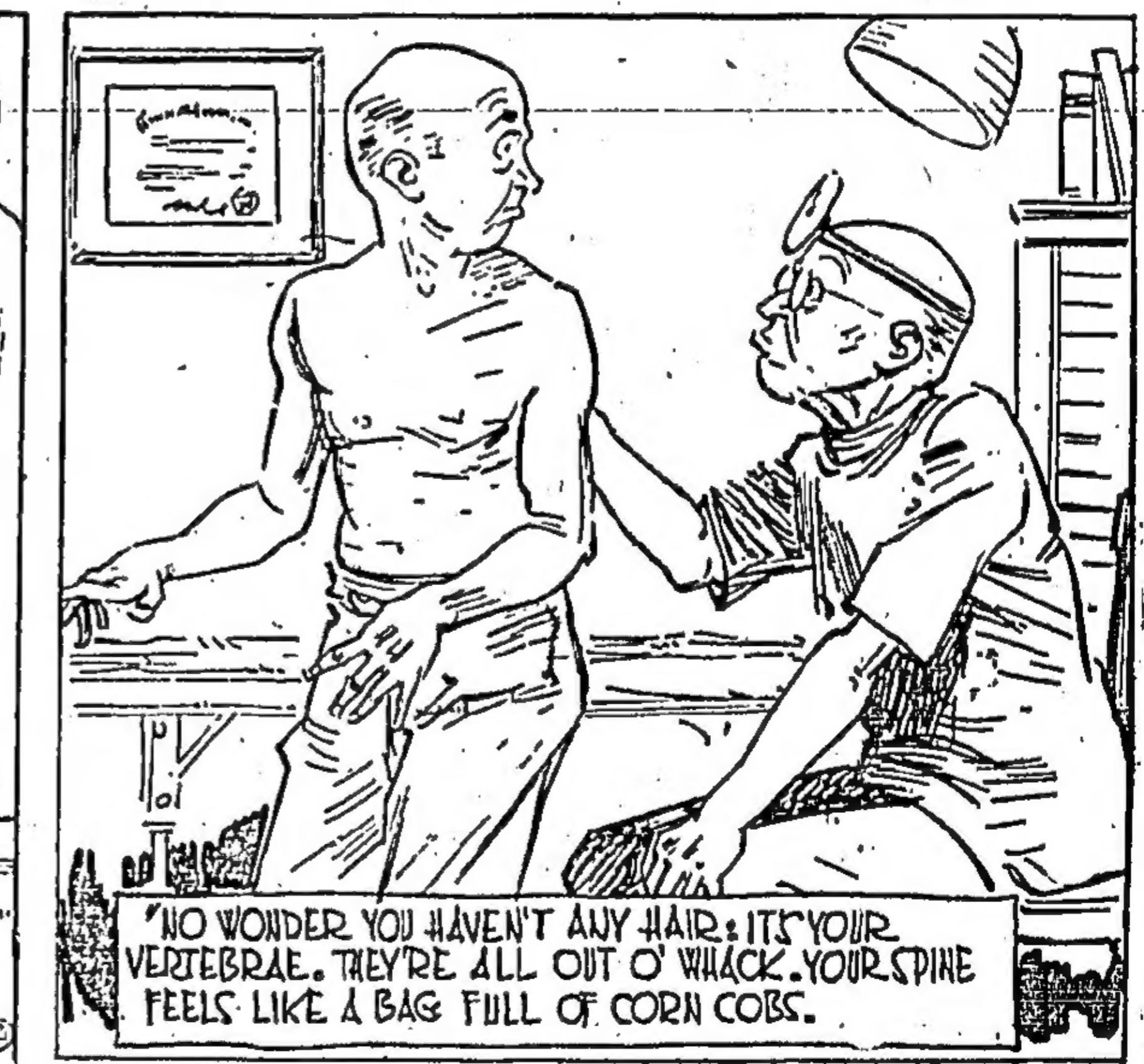
THE MIND-OVER-MATTER FOLKS SAY ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS HOLD THE THOUGHT 'MY HAIR IS COMING BACK'... AND WATCH THE STUFF SPROUT.



THE BARBER ALWAYS HAS A CURE... GUARANTEED TO GROW HAIR ON A GRECIAN URN.



IT'S VITAMINS NOW THERE'S A GUINEA PIG THAT WAS AS BALD AS YOU ARE UNTIL WE FED HIM VITAMINS A, B, C, D AND A DASH OF X, Y AND Z.



NO WONDER YOU HAVEN'T ANY HAIR: IT'S YOUR VERTEBRAE. THEY'RE ALL OUT O' WHACK. YOUR SPINE FEELS LIKE A BAG FULL OF CORN COBS.



IT'S YOUR TEETH, SAYS THE DENTIST WHO NEVER LOST A TOOTH...



IF YOU WORK IN A BOWLING-BALL FACTORY, HAVE A MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG, PLAY BILLIARDS OR GOLF OR CANDLE EGGS YOU'RE IN THE WRONG ENVIRONMENT, SAYS THE PSYCHOLOGIST: YOU SHOULD GET INTO HAIRY COMPANY... GET A JOB IN A ZOO, FOR INSTANCE.



WHY DON'T YOU USE SOME FERTILIZER, TOO?

THEN THERE ARE THE ONES WHO THINK IF YOU WATER IT... LIKE PLANTS... IT WILL GROW AGAIN.

COME AND VIEW OUR Grand X'mas and New Year Display South Africa's Quality Diamond "An Everlasting Gift"

Stock on Display consisting of:—
Paraffin Bluish White, Bluish White,
Blue White, Best White and Com-
mercial White. All beautifully set
in Platinum Rings.
From 6.93 Carats to 1/4 Carats.



*Tumbling waters—Happy Scene,
Encircling trees and verdure green—
A Diamond flashing like the sun above
Holds Memories of youthful love.*

Let an "Amsterdam" Diamond Ring perpetuate your romance.

You are cordially invited to see our large
selection of Diamond Rings now on display
at:—

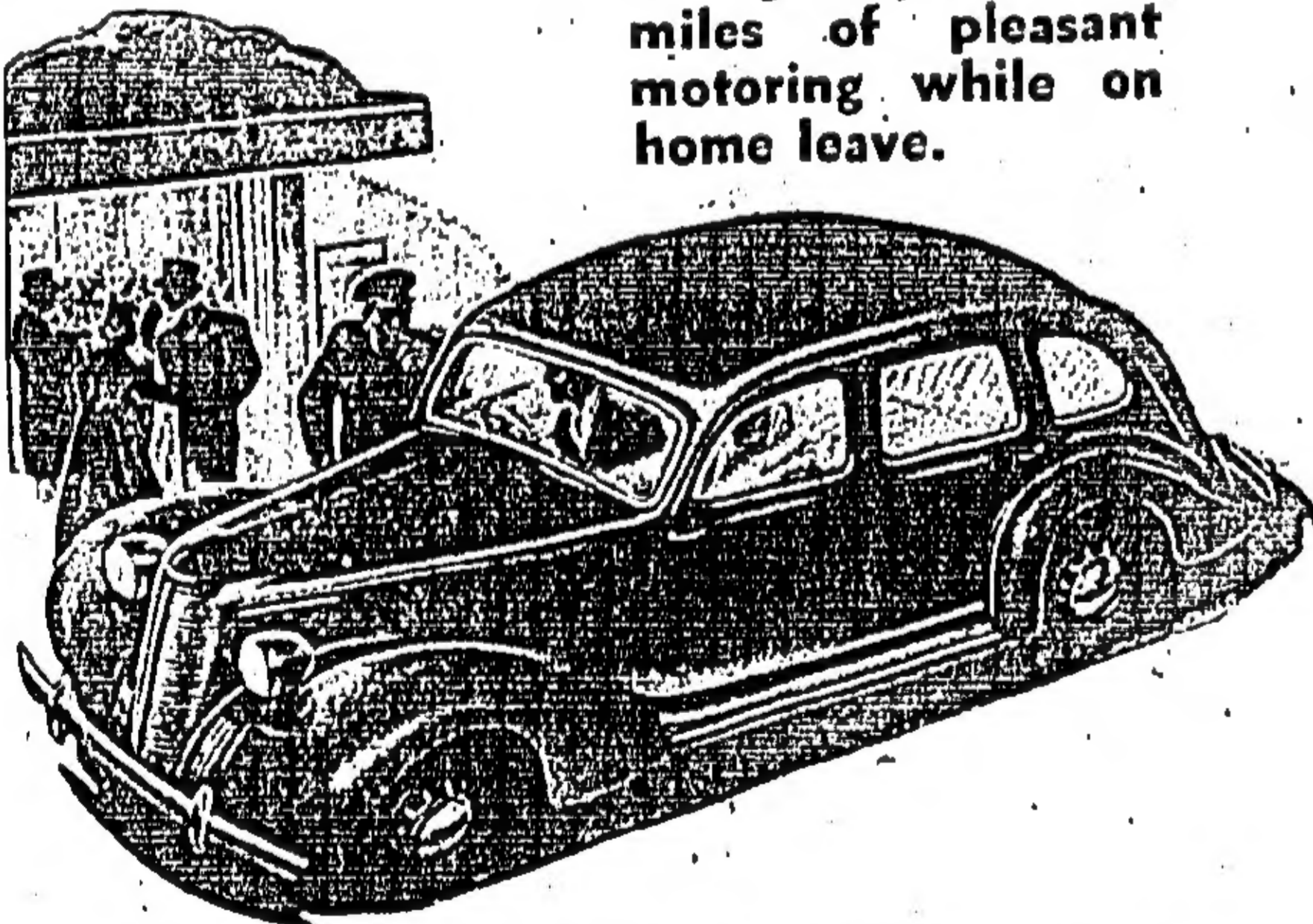
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Petrol Allowance for
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home leave.



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CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

The annual problem can be so easily solved
by giving lasting, appreciated gifts of quality,
such as:—

RINGS, EARRINGS, PENDANTS, BROOCHES,
BRACELETS etc.

All set with genuine Ceylon Gems.

Or—
HALL-MARKED SILVER LADIES'
ENAMELLED DRESSING SETS
four to six pieces. FLAP JACKS,
GENT'S MILITARY HAIR BRUSHES,
CIGARETTE CASES AND BOXES,
PENCILS, etc.

All the products of master craftsmen

And—REMEMBER TO SHOP EARLY!
G. M. ARTHUR & CO.

The Jewellers Kowloon.
40 Nathan Road.

The palace was lepers' hospital



From Norman times until
the sixteenth century a hospi-
tal for lepers stood on the site
of St. James's Palace.

Henry VIII, who built St. James's
for Anne Boleyn, had the hospital
pulled down and its grounds turned
into a park, which, well stocked
with game, was used for the royal
shooting.

St. James's Palace is the oldest of
the royal residences in London.
After Whitehall Palace was burned
down in 1697 it became the official
home of the royal family until
George III. acquired Buckingham
Palace.

Charles I spent the night before
his execution at St. James's.
In its chapel George IV. and
Queen Caroline, Queen Victoria and
Prince Albert, and King Edward
and Queen Alexandra were
married.

Winners Of Prince Eugen Awards

Sweden's finest distinction in con-
nection with the imitative arts—the
Prince Eugen Medal for Artistic
Merit—was awarded recently to
three Swedish artists, Professor
Israel Wahlman, designer of some
of Sweden's most beautiful modern
churches, the black-and-white artist
Harald Sallberg, and the Court
silversmith, Baron Erik Fleming.

The medal was instituted in 1943
by the King of Sweden on the 80th
birthday of his brother Prince
Eugen, who died on August 17 this
year. Prince Eugen, who was him-
self one of Sweden's foremost pain-
ters and a much appreciated pro-
moter and patron of art, had
stipulated that the medal should be
awarded annually to three Swedish
artists and to one artist from each
of the other Scandinavian countries.

ARE YOU SURE? ANSWERS

Questions on Page 9

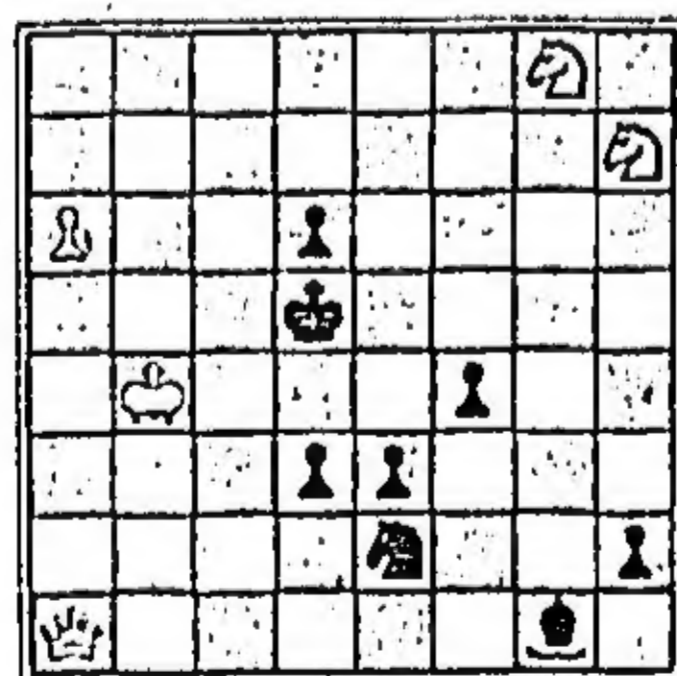
1. Keeps its food on skewers;
kills beetles, mice, etc., and impales
them on thorns. 2. G. Garro-Jones,
Charles Dukes, Lord Hugh Cecil,
Sidney Webb. 3. Kensington. West-
minster is a city. 4. A detached part
of Worcester surrounded by Stafford.
5. Court revels, he was appointed to
arrange Christmas festivities. 6.
Arbroath 36. Scottish Cup. 1885.
South Africa 39. Port Elizabeth 1898.
and again at Birmingham, 1924. 7.
Uruguay. 8. John Dory, a fish;
Moby Dick, a whale. 9. Bulgaria.
10. Pot holer or cave explorer.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Solution of yesterday's puzzle.—
Across: 1. Troopship; 8. Weat; 10.
Apes; 11. Starred; 13. Finite; 15. Lot;
16. Lie low; 17. Stench; 19. Fed; 20.
Lisp; 22. Eri; 23. Else; 24. Dressings.
Down: 1. Two fisted; 2. Resister;
3. Out; 4. Particles; 5. Spruce; 6.
Headless; 7. Port wines; 9. Nali; 12.
Door; 14. Needle; 18. Nods; 21. Peg.

CHESS PROBLEM

By J. FOSFISIL
Black, 8 pieces.



White, 5 pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Solution to yesterday's
problem:
1. Kt-B4, any; 2. Q. R, or Kt
(ch, dlt ch, or dlt ch) mates.

BOOKS

EVIL—A STRIKING NOVEL COMES FROM GERMANY

ON THE MARBLE CLIFFS,
by Ernst Juenger.
(Lehmann, 7s. 6d.)

GERMAN literature rises
from the dead. Of all
the books I have seen
from postwar Europe this one
moves me most. It has caught
the very texture of a continent
in a visionary eye. It ex-
presses the resistance against
evil.

It is written by a German.
He fought against us in both
wars. He published it in Ham-
burg in 1939. It is a short,
dreamlike parable directed
against all tyranny, and against
Hitler's Reich in particular.

I wonder how many of his
victims and toadies recognised
a corpulent living tyrant in
these descriptions of a tyranni-
cal "Chief Ranger."

"He was one of those figures
whom the Mauretanians respect
as great lords and yet find some-
what ridiculous... He left an
imprint on one's memory, it only
because his green coat with its
gold-embroidered... flex leaves
drew all eyes to him... I felt the
breath of primitive power that
surrounded him like a breeze
from his forests..."

Was it prophecy or just coinci-
dence which produced this passage
describing the death of a V.I.P.?

"I guessed that he had taken in
time the pill which every Mau-
retanian carries on his body. It
is a capsule of coloured glass,
generally carried in the mouth.
A bite suffices to crush the cap-
sule, in which is sealed a poison
of rare potency."

The book is more than a sport for
recognising characters better dead.
This strange bonfire of words, lit
in the darkness of bewilderment, is
a plea for the survival of the spirit.

Its heroes are men of integrity
and good will. We see them work-
ing disinterestedly on the study of
plants. Then, through their eyes,
we see an approaching physical
corruption.

We also witness the degradation
of men of spirit. In this Reich of
the imagination, Juenger speaks of
poets strolling with cudgels, of ad-
vocates defending the causes of in-
justice. Finally, these forces of
evil close in. There is violence,
and an ending prophetic of the
downfall of the author's own coun-
try.

Mirrored in it all, I see not only
the corruption which we have
had to fight, but also a corruption of
the human spirit which must still be
fought. That is why I believe that
this is an important book.

It is not depressing, though. It
leaves me happier than the writings
of those economists who prophesied
for so many years that Germany
could not afford to fight and who
now blueprint a European doom.

Juenger is one of the first con-
temporary German writers to start
us in English—and translator Stuart
Hood's English is excellent. Juenger's
reputation in Germany today
is great, and, as well it might be,
controversial. At least in poetic
fiction he managed to spill a whole
bubbl about the Nazis to their
faces.

Meanwhile the Germans have pre-
cious little chance of reading our
contemporary literature. We govern,
it seems, with the authority of
forms but without the persuasion of
good writing.

Germans cannot buy a single
British book except on the black
market. The ponderously titled
Agency For Intellectual Relief in
Germany (48, Prince's Gardens,
S.W.7.) issue a free leaflet listing
the contemporary British books
which they think the Germans
ought to see. It is a list worth hav-
ing for your own benefit as well.

THE ENGLISH SEASIDE,
by H. G. Stokes.
(Sylvan Press, 12s. 6d.)

THIS original and edifying piece
of light reading is cursed only
with the blemish of repetition. I
can just bear being told once on
page 55 that Blackpool was former-
ly famous for "over-eating." To have
it repeated in some detail on page
82 is more than this emaciated 14-
stone can stand.

Mr Stokes covers a period of 200
years with a clever blend of re-
lish and historical fact. He recalls the

fashion for drinking seawater. He
traces the prudish history of the
bathing machines. He investigates
the cult of piers. He rather gal-
lantly defends landladies.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA,
by Jon Godden,
(Michael Joseph, 5s. 6d.)

THE house is a safe haven of a
maiden lady escaped from the
tyrannies of her family past. Its
four walls, cosy with precious
trifles, are to keep out fear. How
expertly, in a few pages, Miss God-
den completes this frail architec-
ture.

Then she causes a storm to get
up and shows us the fear of her
heroine Edwina. There is a climax
when a man appears. Edwina faces
him in the hall.

"She saw the shoes: a man's
shoes, not a club-foot or the pads
of a wild beast... One foot, she
saw, was held off the ground like
the paw of a hurt dog..."

Her visitor brings with him a
greater fear than hers. He is a
young American deserter on the
run. He is a hard, desperate
character, and his presence soon
fills the house. He stays, of course.

I will not spoil it. I will only
add that the two of them in the
house by the sea, with their fear,
love and hatred, make a story to be
remembered.

NOVELS OF HIGH SOCIETY
FROM THE VICTORIAN ERA.
(Pilot Press, 18s.)

IN this fat volume of 800 pages are
gathered together "Henrietta
Temple," by Benjamin Disraeli,
"Guy Livingstone," by G. A.
Lawrence, "Moths," by Ouida.

These three novels, covering most
of Queen Victoria's reign, have
been selected by Mr Anthony
Powell, who writes an informative
introduction. It is heavy to lift but
light and entertaining to read. The
three books are practically unob-
tainable individually and are well
chosen to be read together.

A fiction writer's life was cer-
tainly easier when both he and his
readers kept clear of bizarre ad-
ventures.

Disraeli writes:—

"It is not so much ruined cities
that were once the capital glories

of the world... or arches of
triumph that have forgotten the
heroic name they were piled high
to celebrate, that fill the mind
with half so mournful an expres-
sion of the instability of human
fortunes, as these and spectacles
of exhausted affections and, as it
were, traditional fragments of
expired passion."

Sudden death came on the hunt-
ing field to G. A. Lawrence's Guy
Livingstone:—

"We dashed water over him.
In a few minutes he opened his
eyes, and seemed to recognise
everyone directly; for he looked
up into the frightened face of the
first whip, who was supporting
him and said: 'You always told
me I went too fast at timber,
Jack.'"

'Yes I pity the brave novelist
whose milkman these days has been
to Syria, Poland, or China!

NEWS

ROBERT PAYNE is writing his life
of Buddha (due for publication
next year) in film-star Anna May
Wong's Hollywood home.

The new edition of Sir MAX BEER-
BOHM'S "Zuluika Dobson" (the
first who started riots in Oxford
half a century ago) will have
a frontispiece portrait of the
heroine painted by the author.

English MARGARET ERSKINE'S
second book, "The Whispering
House," has been chosen by the
American Crime Club as their
Book of the Month. Although the
English publishers acquired the
rights before the American
publishers, production was held up
so long that the book made
its bow in the States.

BERNARD NEWMAN, England's
top-paid author-lecturer, has ar-
rived back from a tour of the Far
East with the first two chapters
of his yet untitled book. He
wrote them on the plane trip
from Japan.

NIGEL BALCHIN, specialist in
psychological novels like "Mine
Own Executioner," has started
something. His new novel,
"Lord, I Was Afraid," is written
entirely in dialogue. "But,"
warns his publisher, "it's quite
unactable."

OVER THE COUNTER: Best sellers
—"John Buchan," by his Wife
and Friends (Hodder and
Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). Creatures of
Circumstance," by Somerset
Maugham (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.).
"The Saint Sees It Through," by
Leslie Charteris (Hodder and
Stoughton, 8s. 6d.).

Rupert and the Three Guides—41



In his excitement Rupert has
shouted out loud, and next minute
Beryl pops her head through the
hole in the roof to see what has
happened. "I say, we've solved
everything," cries Rupert. "All
those jewels and things are up here!
There never was a thief. The
squirrels must have taken them to
decorate the king's throne. If you
three could lend me some hankies
we could pick them up and return
them." Beryl at once speaks up
Janet and Pauline and collects three
handkerchiefs.

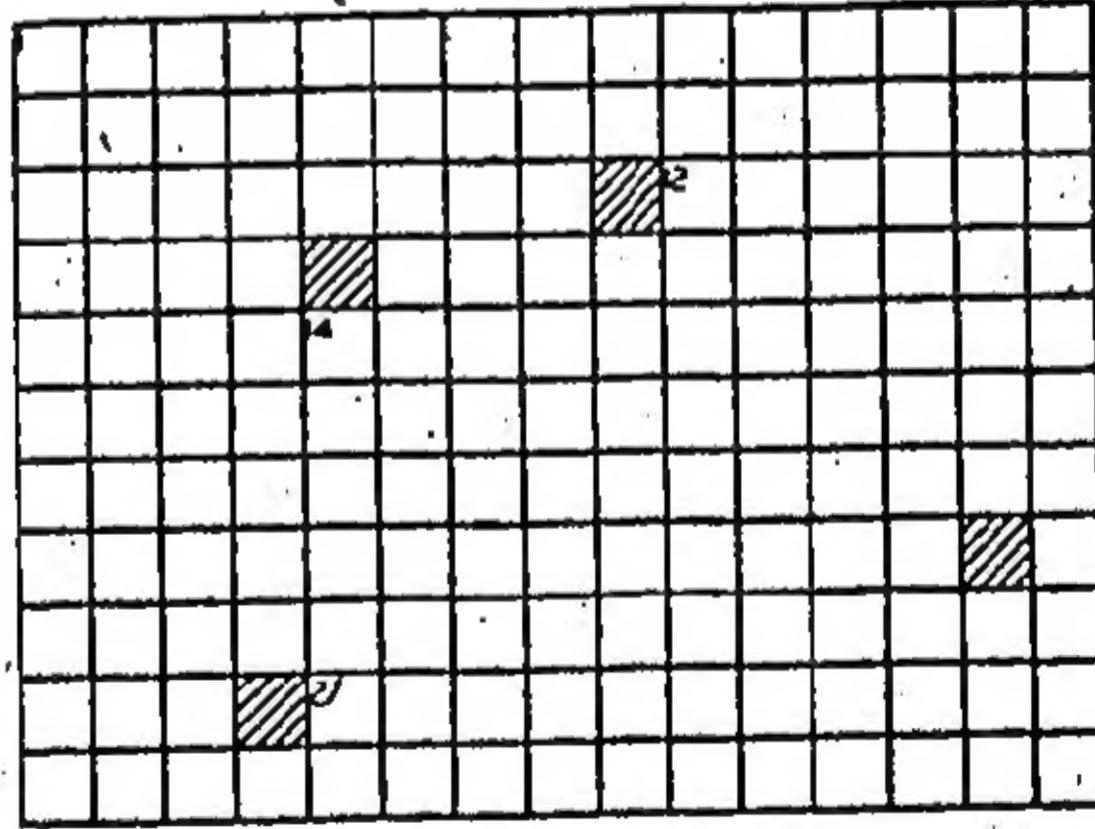
Skeleton Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. What may be thrown
about in sport looks
just to us.
9. No more perfect state!
10. It's cold and cannot
be changed.
11. Should one
be with a pop-
gun?
12. A little sig-
nal (World
War 1).
13. Ch e e r y
three-colour
combination
(four
word s).
18. There's a
billiards
player pocketing one of them
(three words).
23. Nasty quarrel involving a
cat.
25. Boy meets girl in Canada.
27. This is a dirty sort of way
for an artist to work.
28. Descriptive of one who feels
like retiring.
29. Only a trifling act of dis-
courtesy apparently.

CLUES DOWN

1. We do change about in mak-
ing a start on this house.
2. How a soldier may relax after
being shunned? (three words)
3. One can put half the rubbish
to some purpose.
4. The Mohammedan world is in
a stew.
5. A girl begins a proverb.
Reckless?
7. Will probably go to pot!

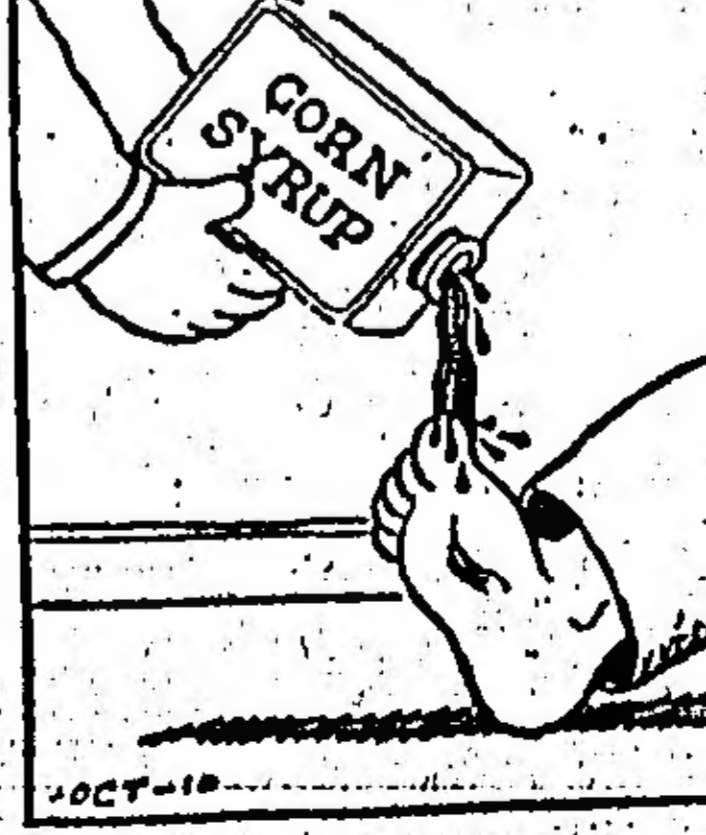


IN the Skeleton Crossword the
black squares and clue numbers
have to be filled in, as well as the
words. Four black squares and
four clue numbers have been
inserted to give you a start.
The black squares form a sym-
metrical pattern; the top half
matches the bottom half, and the
two sides correspond. So you can
fill in 12 more squares at once to
correspond with those given.
Since no words of two letters
are used except in phrases, 11
down and the corresponding word
on the right must be three-letter
words. There are 12 clues across,
so that six must be in the top
half of the diagram and six in the
bottom half, as it would not be
possible to get both Nos. 13 and
18, which require seven-letter
words between them. Into the
middle line. Therefore 13 must
occupy the fifth line from the top
and 18 the seventh.

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

UMPHIRE TRESTON
ENATOLLIVER
CRATERATBUMPER
CE SHATE PRS
CHINIAFRGLASS
ANVILATSTISUAL
ZOLKZKCOMIN
3232NUTDOON
YELLOWSTANAGE

NANCY So Soo-othing



Don't wait till you see this!

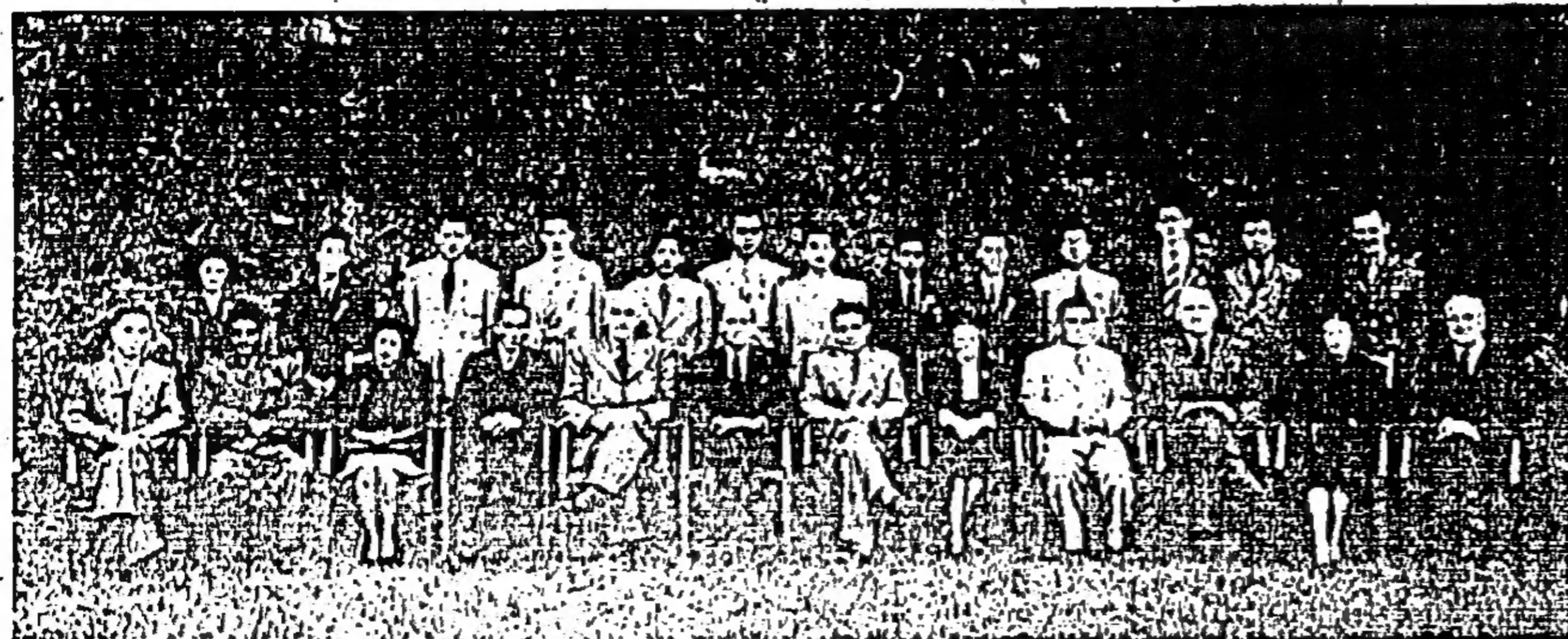
START USING
Fitch
DANDRUFF REMOVER
SHAMPOO
&
QUINOL

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WEEK-END PICTORIAL



THE FIRST St Andrew's Ball to be held in the Colony since the war drew over 1,000 Hongkong Scots and their friends to the Peninsula Hotel on Friday last week. The function was voted on all sides to be a great success. In the picture above, Mr J. F. Macgregor, the Chieftain, and Mrs Macgregor are seen with His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham. Below at left the Chieftain escorts Lady Grantham in to supper. Right: the crush of dancers in the ballroom. (Photos: Francis Wu and Golden Studio)



MR T. V. SOONG, Governor of Kwangtung and Director of the President's Headquarters in Canton, who paid an official visit to Hongkong last week, seen above with Mrs Soong at a reception at the Hongkong Hotel. With the distinguished visitors are Sir Robert Kotewall, Sir Shouson Chow, Dr. Li Shu-fan and Mr Ng Wah. Right: Mr and Mrs Soong saying goodbye before their departure on Saturday to His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham. (Photos: Francis Wu)



MEMBERS of the Hongkong University Students' Union last week entertained His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, their Patron, and Lady Grantham to tea. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



ON St Andrew's Day, the Chieftain of St Andrew's Society, Mr J. F. Macgregor, and Mr J. A. D. Morrison, a member of the Committee, laid a wreath at Stanley Cemetery in memory of local Scots who gave their lives in the defence of Hongkong and others who died during internment. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



MR STEPHEN FISHER and his bride, formerly Miss Constance Law, who were married last Sunday at St Margaret's Church, Happy Valley. (Photo: Golden Studio)



THE wedding took place at the Hongkong Hotel on Tuesday of Mr Frederick Timothy Lum and Miss Amelia Mok. (Photo: Francis Wu)

COL ANDRES SORIANO, Philippines industrial magnate and chief executive of Philippine Air Lines, greeting a guest at a cocktail party given by PAL on Tuesday in the Hongkong Hotel. On the right is Mr F. W. Kendall, PAL's Traffic and Sales Manager for the Far East. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



GROUP below was taken on the occasion of the wedding of Mr Gilbert Mayne and Miss Diana Beryl Eleazar, which took place last week at the Ohel Loah Synagogue. (Photo: Moe Chung)



LIEUTENANT John D'Oller Cornwall Lewis, R.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Veronica Hedley Bevan, leaving St Joseph's Church under an archway of swords formed by his brother-officers after their wedding last Saturday. (Photo: Ming Yuen)

Something to Sing About
SINGS
'TWO-TON'
TESSIE O'SHEA
star of screen, stage & radio

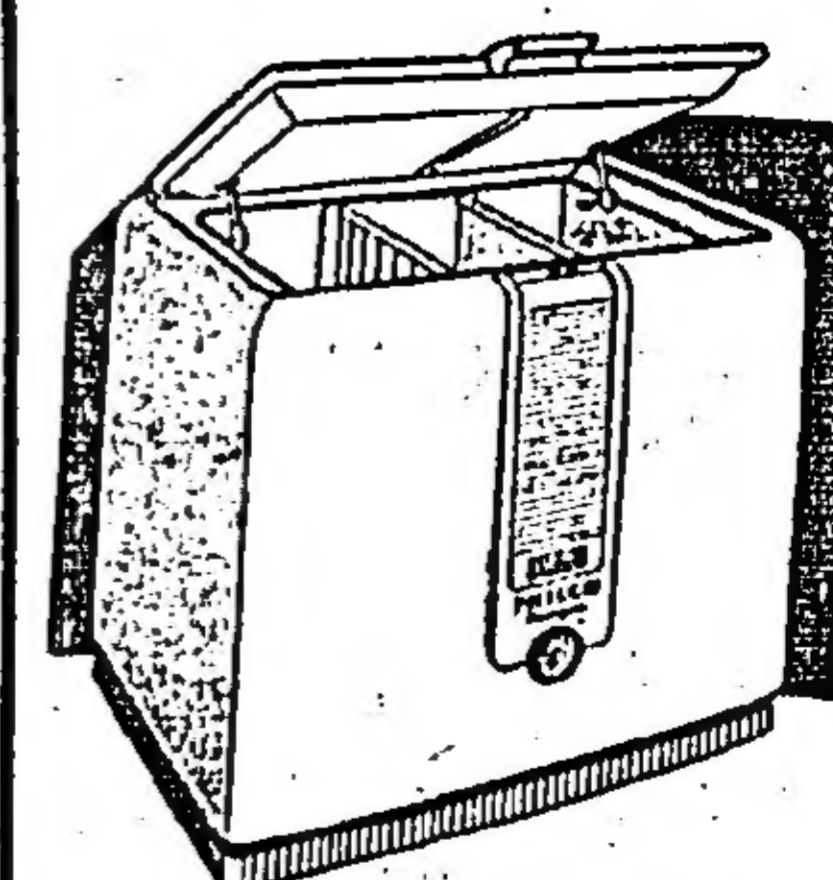
Stak-a-Bye Tubular Steel Chairs are comfortably resilient, strong and durable, extremely light in weight, and can be stacked vertically in considerable numbers, which makes them ideal for use in Church and School Halls, Lecture Rooms, Youth Clubs, Dining Halls and other places where economy in space and labour are of major importance. Attractive non-fading plastic finish, in several different colour combinations.

As supplied to the Dairy Farm Co. (for Kai Tak Buffet and Dairy Farm Soda Fountain), The Hongkong Jockey Club, European Y.M.C.A. and other local institutions.

STAK-A-BYE
tubular STEEL CHAIRS & TABLES



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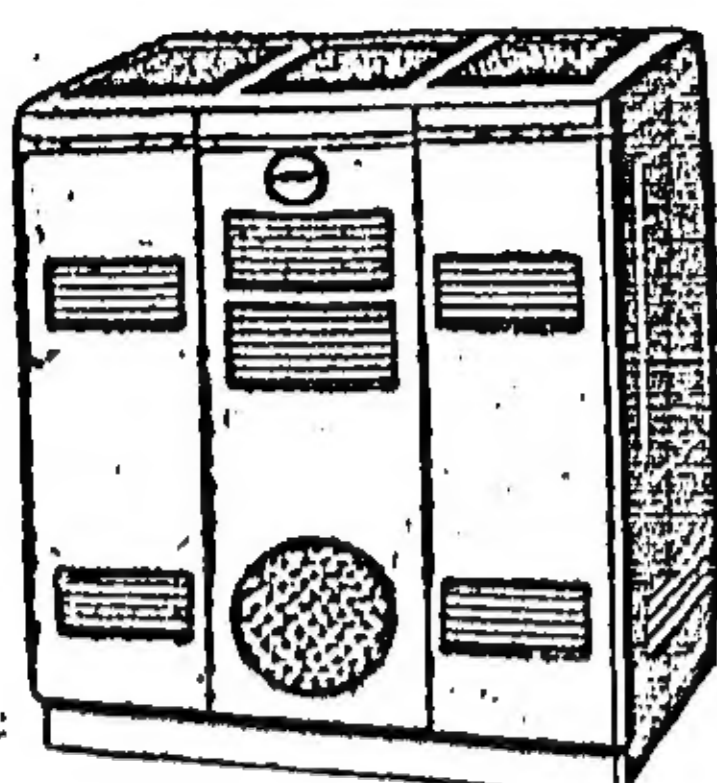
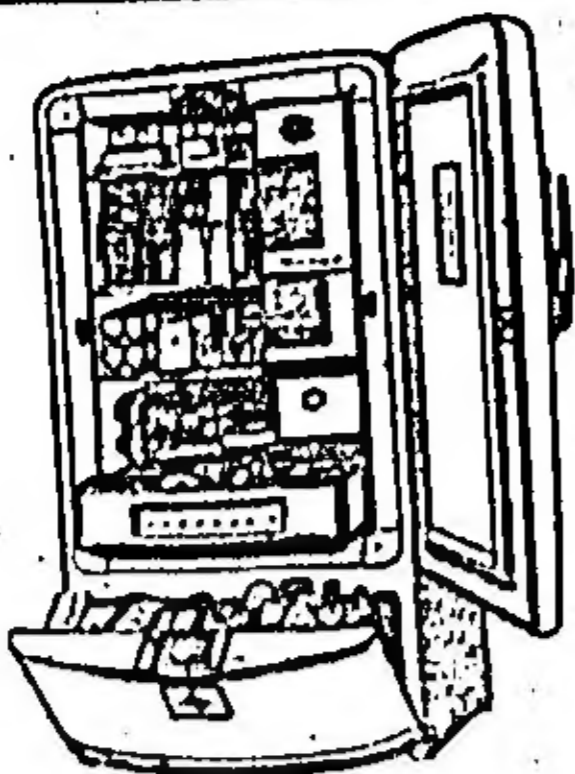
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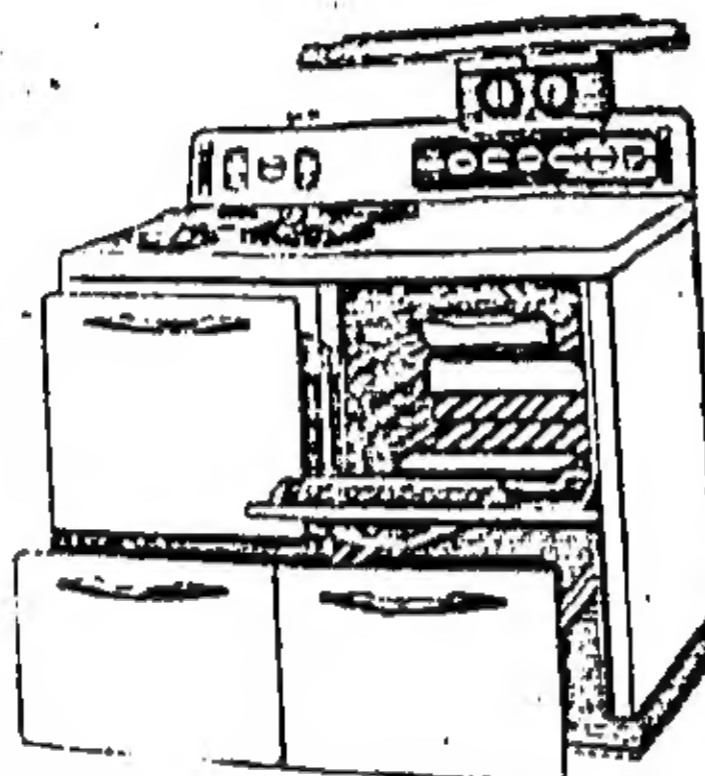


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"CONCENTRATOR" GAS RANGE
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—Deep Broiler—Two Utensil
Drawers.



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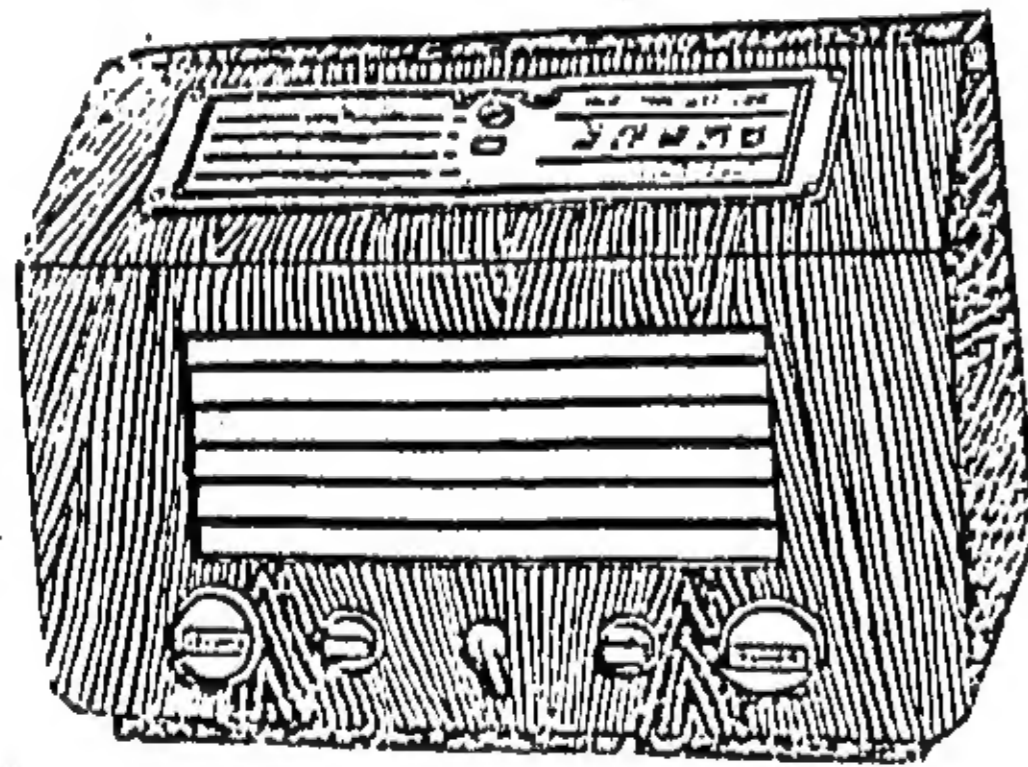
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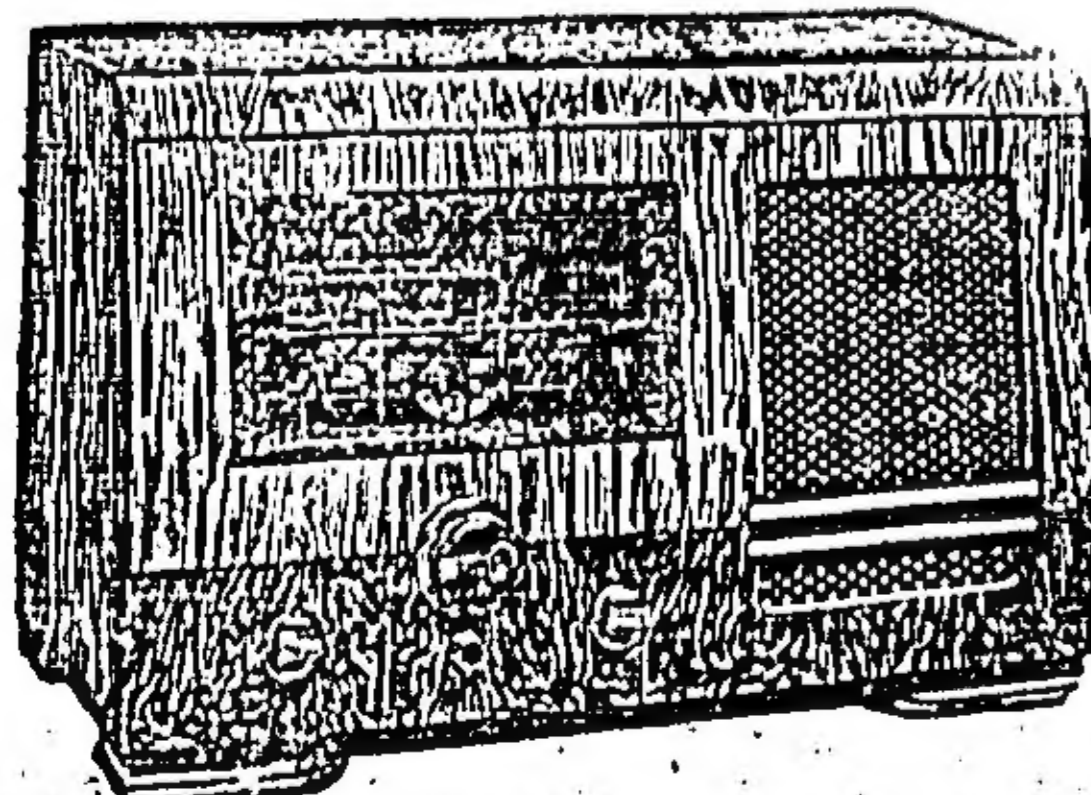
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No. 14, Fenwick St., Wanchai.

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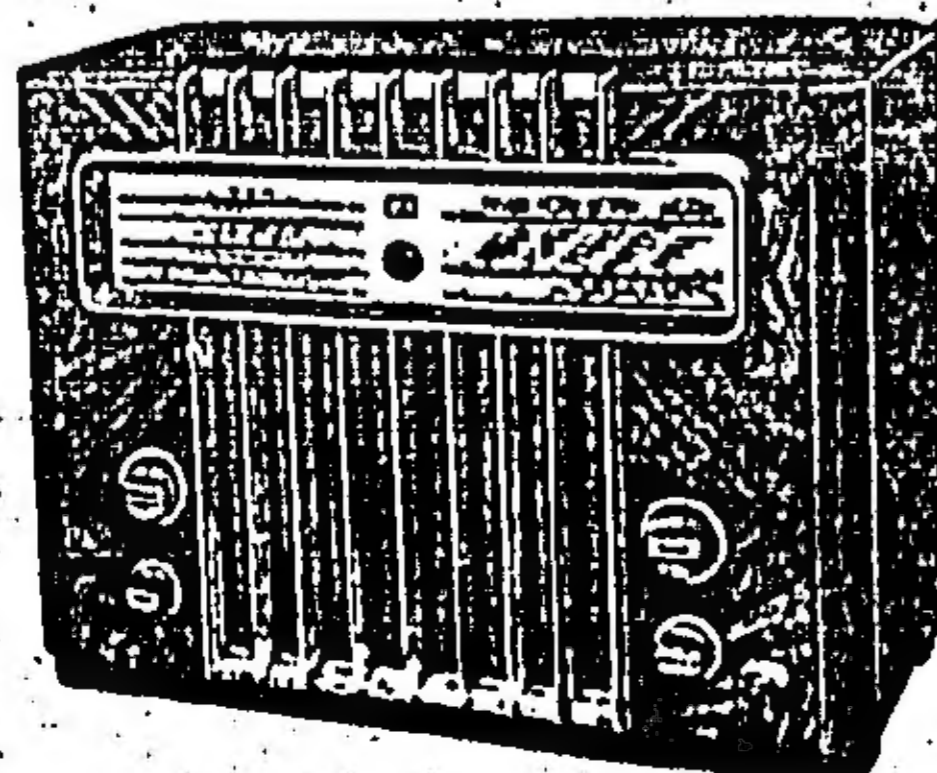


MODEL 699

8-Valve Superhet
Battery Vibrator
Table Model.

MODEL 5200

6-Valve Superhet
Table Model for
A.C./D.C. Mains.



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"CAPTAIN
BOYCOTT"

Starring
STEWART GRANGER
KATHLEEN RYAN
ALASTAIR SIM
CECIL PARKER
and
ROBERT DONAT

AT ORDINARY PRICES!

NOTICE

U.N.R.R.A.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned is no longer connected with the Hongkong Office of U.N.R.R.A., which will continue to function under the direction of Mr R. B. Goodwin as Closure Officer.

Until 31st December, 1947, the office address will continue to be the Ground Floor of the Ritz Hotel, at 122 Austin Road, Kowloon. Thereafter until a date to be notified in the press, the address will be Room No. 108 of the same address.

Payees of all unpresented cheques drawn on our bank accounts are requested to present same immediately.

Payment of our current liabilities will continue as beforehand.

Dated this sixth day of December, 1947.

A. S. COWAN,
Director.
Hongkong Branch, U.N.R.R.A.

S.S. "CHI HWA"

Notice is hereby given that as from December 6th 1947 we, Ta Hing Co. (Hongkong) Ltd., will cease to act as Agents for the Chinese vessel s.s. "Chi Hwa." Enquiries relating to all matters concerned with the aforementioned vessel should be addressed to Mr Arthur T. C. Kwa, c/o Swatow Luce Co., Ltd., 16 Pedder Street, Hongkong.

TA HING CO. (HONGKONG) LTD.
St George's Building
Ice House Street
Hong Kong

CHURCH NOTICE

GOSPEL HALL
(Duddell Street, Hongkong)
(Between the Bank of China and the National City Bank of New York)
Sunday 11 a.m. Breaking-of-Bread (for Believers only).
Sunday 8 p.m. Gospel Meeting.
Tuesday 8 p.m. Bible Study.
Thursday 8 p.m. Prayer Meeting.
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New York, Dec. 5.—Mr H. Merrill Benninghoff, United States Consul-General at Dairen, now home on leave after 18 months in the Manchurian city under Soviet occupation, said in an exclusive interview today that the once principal Far East seaport is now a stark ghost city, with no commerce save Soviet vessels hauling supplies to the Red Army.

He said the Russians control everything within the city, and maintain a garrison of 30,000 to 50,000 troops in adjacent areas. Mr Benninghoff described as having neither the expectation nor desire of returning to his post, which he said was the worst he had held in 20 years in the diplomatic service. He said Dairen's 1945 population of 1,300,000 had shrunk to half that number. Unemployment was widespread, streets were deserted, many shops were boarded up, and disease reached epidemic proportions.

Consul Isolated
The former consul said that for four months at one stretch he was isolated from communication with the outside world. He said he took a radio receiving set with him when he went to Dairen, and a short while later the State Department tried to send in a transmitter by a Chinese operator, but the Russians refused him entry on the ground that he was without a passport.

Mr Benninghoff said a second Chinese operator was permitted to land later, thereby enabling him to receive coded messages from Washington, but the Soviets refused permission for the use of the transmitter which was left by the first Chinese operator. He said outgoing messages had to go through Soviet communications.

Mr Benninghoff said the Russians apparently had instructions to remain aloof from the Americans, and they did so with marked success.—United Press.

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